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CONTENTS OF VOL. XIX., No. 4

	PAGE
NOTES AND COMMENTS	289
FRAGMENTS	300
IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH (KATHA UPANISHAD)	301
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, III	305
THE WRITTEN LANGUAGE OF CHINA	318
HISTORY FROM WITHIN	322
AKHNATON THE "HERETIC"—PHARAOH	329
THE DAWNING OF A SOUL	344
TAO-TEH-KING	350
ON THE SCREEN OF TIME	361
LETTERS TO STUDENTS	369
REVIEWS	376
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS	379
T. S. ACTIVITIES	382
INDEX	383

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

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The Powers of Good and Evil

> "Where the Gods and the Devils contended against each other, both being children of the Lord of Being. . ."
>
> *Chhandogya Upanishad* (1, 2, 1).

MRS. WEBSTER'S book, *The French Revolution,* is already known to readers of the Theosophical Quarterly. Mrs. Webster has now supplemented it by a second book, *World Revolution,* which takes up the same theme and brings it down to the present moment.

The main thesis in Mrs. Webster's first book, which is set forth anew in the work now under consideration, is, that one of the dominant factors in the French Revolution, perhaps the decisive factor, was the secret society called the "Illuminati", founded by Adam Weishaupt in 1776; that the French Revolution was inspired and carried forward by the Illuminati with the deliberate purpose of working evil, of bringing to destruction all that is best in civilization. Of Adam Weishaupt, Mrs. Webster gives the following account:

"Adam Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati, was born on the 6th of February, 1748. His early training by the Jesuits had inspired him with a violent dislike for their Order, and he turned with eagerness to the subversive teaching of the French philosophers and the anti-Christian doctrines of the Manicheans. It is said that he was also indoctrinated into Egyptian occultism by a certain merchant of unknown origin from Jutland, named Kölmer, who was travelling about Europe during the year 1771 in search of adepts. Weishaupt, who combined the practical German brain with the cunning of Machiavelli, spent no less than five years thinking out a plan by which all these ideas should

be reduced to a system, and at the end of this period he had evolved the following theory:

"Civilization, Weishaupt held with Rousseau, was a mistake: it had developed along the wrong lines, and to this cause all the inequalities of human life were due. 'Man,' he declared, 'is fallen from the condition of Liberty and Equality, the State of Pure Nature. He is under subordination and civil bondage arising from the vices of Man. This is the Fall and Original Sin.' The first step towards regaining the state of primitive liberty consisted in learning to do without things. Man must divest himself of all the trappings laid on him by civilization and return to nomadic conditions—even clothing, food, and fixed abodes should be abandoned. Necessarily, therefore, all arts and sciences must be abolished. 'Do the common sciences afford real enlightenment, real human happiness? or are they not rather children of necessity, the complicated needs of a state contrary to Nature, the inventions of vain and empty brains?' Moreover, 'are not many of the complicated needs of civilization the means of retaining in power the mercantile class (Kaufmannschaft), which if allowed any authority in the government would inevitably end by exercising the most formidable and despotic power? You will see it dictating the law to the universe, and from it will perhaps ensue the independence of one part of the world, the slavery of the other. . . .'

"Once released from the bondage civilization imposes, Man must then be self-governing. 'Why,' asked Weishaupt, 'should it be impossible to the human race to attain its highest perfection, the capacity for governing itself?' For this reason not only should kings and nobles be abolished, but even a Republic should not be tolerated, and the people should be taught to do without any controlling authority, any law, or any civil code. . . . For since the only real obstacle to human perfection lay in the restraints imposed on Man by artificial conditions of life, the removal of these must inevitably restore him to his primitive virtue. 'Man is not bad except as he is made so by arbitrary morality. He is bad because Religion, the State, and bad examples pervert him.' It was necessary, therefore, to root out from his mind all ideas of a Hereafter, all fear of retribution for evil deeds, and to substitute the religion of Reason. . . . After deliverance from the bondage of religion, the loosening of all social ties must follow" (pages 8-10).

Weishaupt, besides being a theorist, was an organizer. He therefore set himself to construct a secret society, along lines borrowed from the Freemasons and Jesuits, its purpose being to put his theories into practice. The use of classical names was one of the features of this society of the Illuminati, among whose members were, besides Adam Weishaupt (Spartacus), Herr von Zwack (Cato), the Marquis di Constanza (Diomedes), Massenhausen (Ajax), Hertel (Marius), the Baron von Schroeckenstein (Mahomed), the Baron Mengenhofen (Sylla). Cities

also were renamed: Munich was known as Athens; Ingoldstadt, the birthplace of Illuminism, as Ephesus, and so on.

Of this secret society, Adam Weishaupt, who had revolted against the principle of obedience taught by the Jesuits, was the despotic head, exacting blind obedience to his decrees, and working for world domination with himself as the supreme dictator.

Weishaupt had the blasphemous insolence to claim "as our Grand Master, Jesus of Nazareth." "The most admirable thing of all," he wrote to one of his followers, "is that great Protestant and reformed theologians (Lutherans and Calvinists), who belong to our Order, really believe they see in it the true and genuine mind of the Christian religion. Oh! man, what cannot you be brought to believe!" The purpose was, "to tickle those who have a hankering for religion."

So much for Mrs. Webster's opinion of Adam Weishaupt and his Order of Illuminati. Her thesis is, that all modern destructive movements, beginning with the French Revolution of 1789, continuing through the revolutions of 1848 and Marxian Socialism, and coming down to modern Bolshevism in Russia and Hungary, have their source and inspiration in Weishaupt's Order. Weishaupt, therefore, becomes the *diabolus ex machina* of all the disruptive movements of the last hundred and forty years. The lines of evidence by which Mrs. Webster seeks to connect the branches with the root are clearly worked out and supported by much careful research; but for details we must refer readers to the book itself.

Of even deeper interest, and even more important, it seems to us, for a reason presently to be set forth, are the lifelike portraits of many of the men who were protagonists in these organizations of destruction; men like Robespierre, Babeuf, Marx and Bakunin. In these pictures, it appears to us, Mrs. Webster's best work is to be found. From these admirable full length portraits in words, our space will allow us to quote only a few illustrative passages:

"On one point, however, Robespierre differed from most of the members of the same school of thought who came after him, in that he showed himself a *consistent* Socialist, for he had the singleness of aim, aided by an entire want of moral scruples, to push his theories to their logical conclusion. A Labour extremist in this country [England] recently described the modern Bolsheviks as 'Socialists with the courage of their opinions,' and the same description might be applied to Robespierre and Saint-Just. Thus Robespierre did not talk hypocritically of 'peaceful revolution'; he knew that revolution is never peaceful, that in its very essence it implies onslaught met with resistance, a resistance that can only be overcome by an absolute disregard for human life. 'I will walk willingly with my feet in blood and tears,' said his coadjutor Saint-Just; and this, whether he admits it or not, must be the maxim of every

revolutionary Socialist who believes that any methods are justifiable for the attainment of his end." (p. 41).

"'In the eyes of Maximilien Robespierre and his council,' says Babeuf, 'depopulation was indispensable because the calculation had been made that the French population was in excess of the resources of the soil and of the requirements of *useful industry,* that is to say, that with us men jostled each other too much for each to be able to live at ease; that hands were too numerous for the execution of all works of *essential utility*—and this is the horrible conclusion, that since the superabundant population could only amount to so much . . . a portion of the *sans-culottes* must be sacrificed; that this rubbish could be cleared up to a certain quantity, and that means must be found for doing it" (p. 46).

To put it simply, those in excess of the numbers demanded by the theories of Robespierre were to be murdered. Theory was put into practice: "According to Prudhomme the total number of victims drowned, guillotined, or shot all over France amounted to 300,000, and of this number the nobles sacrificed were an almost negligible quantity, only about 3,000 in all. At Nantes 500 children of the people were killed in one butchery, and according to an English contemporary 144 poor women who sewed shirts for the army were thrown into the river" (p. 47).

Babeuf has already been mentioned. His activities became dominant about 1795. Mrs. Webster describes him as following in the steps of Weishaupt: "Thus Weishaupt had employed twelve leading adepts to direct operations throughout Germany, and had strictly enjoined his followers not to be known even to each other as Illuminati; so Babeuf now instituted twelve principal agents to work the different districts of Paris, and these men were not even to know the names of those who formed the central committee of four, but only to communicate with them through intermediaries partially initiated into the secrets of the conspiracy. Like Weishaupt also, Babeuf adopted a domineering and arrogant tone towards his subordinates, and any whom he suspected of treachery were threatened, after the manner of the secret societies, with direst vengeance." (p. 56).

The scheme of Babeuf in no way differed from the Bolshevism of a year ago, the Bolshevism which is now masquerading as pseudo-capitalism, while remaining an infamous tyranny. Even more instructive than the details of his plan, we find the portrait of Babeuf: "When writing out his plans of insurrection, Babeuf would rush up and down his room with flaming eyes, mouthing and grimacing, hitting himself against the furniture, knocking over the chairs whilst uttering hoarse cries of 'To arms! to arms! The insurrection! the insurrection is beginning!' Then Babeuf would fling himself upon his pen, plunge it into the ink, and write with fearful rapidity, whilst his whole body trembled and the perspiration poured from his brow" (p. 64). "It was no longer madness," said his secretary, "it was frenzy."

Of the period between 1814 and 1848, Mrs. Webster has much that is of value to say, of which we can quote only a paragraph:

"'Italian genius,' says Monsignor Dillon, 'soon outstripped the Germans in astuteness, and as soon as, perhaps sooner than, Weishaupt had passed away, the supreme government of all the Secret Societies of the world was exercised by the Alta Vendita or highest lodge of the Italian Carbonari.' It was this formidable society, the 'Haute Vente Romaine,' which from 1814 to 1848 directed the activities of all the Secret Societies. Far more subtle, and therefore more formidable, than the Carbonari, the leaders of the Haute Vente conducted their campaign precisely on the lines of the Illuminati, of which they were indeed the direct continuation. Thus, according to the custom of the earlier Order, followed by Anacharsis Clootz and Gracchus Babeuf, the members of the Haute Vente all adopted classical pseudonyms, that of the leader, a corrupt Italian nobleman, being Nubius. This young man, rich, handsome, eloquent, and absolutely reckless, was 'a visionary with an *idée fixe* of elevating a pedestal for his own vanity.' But it was not in the band of dissolute young Italians he gathered around him, but in his Jewish allies, that Nubius found his principal support" (p. 87).

On the eve of the Revolution of 1848, one of his agents writes to Nubius: "The assault which in a few years and perhaps even in a few months from now will be made on the princes of the earth will bury them under the wreckage of their impotent armies and their decrepit thrones. Everywhere there is enthusiasm in our ranks and apathy or indifference amongst the enemies. This is a certain and infallible sign of success. . . . What have we asked in return for our labours and our sacrifices? It is not a revolution in one country or another. That can always be managed if one wishes it. In order to kill the old world surely, we have held that we must stifle the Catholic and Christian germ, and you, with the audacity of genius, have offered yourself with the sling of a new David to hit the pontifical Goliath on the head" (p. 131).

Two portraits stand out in the period immediately following 1848: Ferdinand Lassalle and Karl Marx. Of the first, Mrs. Webster writes:

"Ferdinand Lassalle, the son of a rich Hebrew merchant, was born in 1825. Tormented from his youth by hatred of the Christian races, whose blood even as a schoolboy he hoped to shed, Lassalle early embarked on a revolutionary career. Congenitally idle, dishonest, revengeful, an avowed atheist, Lassalle declared himself a revolutionary by principle, who would not hesitate at a Reign of Terror as a means to secure his ends. . . . Bismarck had been quick to recognize the advantage of harnessing the Jewish agitator to the Prussian Imperial machine, and before long we find Lassalle sinking his racial hatred against the Gentiles in favour of the worst oppressors of his kind. By 1859 he had become an ardent Prussian Jingoist, subscribing to the whole policy of Bismarck. . . ." (p. 166).

We shall have something to say of this alliance later. Of Marx, Mrs. Webster says:

"Even more valuable to the cause of German Imperialism was the founder of the creed now known as 'Marxian Socialism'. Karl Marx, the son of a Jewish lawyer whose real name was Mordechai, was born at Trèves in 1818. In 1843 he settled in Paris to study economics, but his revolutionary activities led to his being expelled from France, and in 1845 he moved to Brussels, where, in collaboration with his German friend Friedrich Engels, he reorganized the Communist League, and a few years later (in 1847) published the now famous *Communist Manifesto*. Soon after this he returned to Germany, where he took an active part in the 1848 Revolution, and in the same year we find him in Berlin at the head of a secret Communist society wielding the powers of life and death. For this it is said that he was condemned to death, but succeeded in escaping to London, where he settled down for the rest of his life and devoted himself to his great book *Das Kapital*. . . . In neither work had Marx originated anything. His theory of 'wage-slavery' was, as we have seen, current during the first French Revolution, and had been continued by Vidal and Pecqueur, to whom the idea of the socialization of mines, railways, and transport was also due; his communism was that of Babeuf, of Louis Blanc, and Cabet; his Internationalist schemes had been propounded by Weishaupt and Clootz, as also his attacks upon religion. . . . Marx then was an impostor from the beginning. Posing as the prophet of a new gospel, he was in reality nothing but a plagiarist, and a plagiarist without the common honesty to pay tribute to the sources whence he drew his material." (pp. 166-169).

Such is the mental equipment of Karl Marx. His moral nature, even more significant for our purpose, is thus vividly sketched by Bakunin:

"His vanity . . . has no bounds, a veritable Jew's vanity. . . . This vanity, already very great, has been considerably increased by the adulation of his friends and disciples. Very personal, very jealous, very touchy, and very vindictive, like Jehovah the God of his people, Marx will not suffer that one should recognize any other God but himself. . . . To praise Proudhon in his presence was to cause him a mortal offence worthy of all the natural consequences of his enmity; and these consequences are at first hatred, then the foulest calumnies. Marx has never recoiled before falsehood, however odious, however perfidious it might be, when he thought he could make use of it without too great danger for himself against those who had the misfortune to incur his wrath" (p. 170).

This discerning critic is in his turn criticised as follows:

"Michael Bakunin, born in 1814, belonged to the Russian nobility, and at the age of twenty entered the artillery school at St. Petersburg.

He passed his examinations brilliantly, but, always an incorrigible idler, spent most of his time, when quartered in a provincial town, lying on his bed in his dressing-gown. Before long he left the army, but took up no other profession, preferring to dabble in philosophy and to meddle in his friends' affairs. . . . Even his *intimes* and fellow-Anarchists Ogareff and Herzen had little good to say of him. 'I infinitely regret having nourished this reptile . . .' wrote the former; 'he is a man with whom it repels me to shake hands;' whilst Herzen described him briefly as a man 'with talent but a detestable character and a *mauvais sujet.*' Incidentally Bakunin had applied the same description to Herzen.

"Embroiled in all these private quarrels, too indolent to do any honest work, Bakunin ended by taking up the profession of a revolutionary—a career which, like many another of his kind, he found both easy and remunerative" (p. 172).

Mrs. Webster makes the point that "Bakunin was a disciple of Weishaupt," and shows how Bakunin and his disciple Netchaieff started a society precisely on the lines of the Illuminati: "In the Alliance of Bakunin, as in the *Communist Manifesto* of Marx, we find again all the points of Weishaupt—abolition of property, inheritance, marriage, and all morality, of patriotism and all religion. Is it not obvious that the plan had been handed down to the succeeding groups of Socialists and Anarchists by the secret societies which had carried on the traditions of the Illuminati, and that Bakunin, and still more his coadjutor Netchaieff, was simply an Illuminatus?" (p. 188).

Of Netchaieff, we have this brief but significant portrait: "He was a liar, a thief, and a murderer—the incarnation of hatred, malice, and revenge" (p. 189).

It is not necessary for our purpose to follow the lines along which Mrs. Webster traces the descent of present day Socialism and Bolshevism from the original group of Illuminati founded by Adam Weishaupt in 1776. The main argument of *World Revolution* has, we believe, been made sufficiently clear.

Before commenting on Mrs. Webster's view, we may mention two other documents bearing on the case: An article, "The Jewish World Problem," by Lord Sydenham of Combe, in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for November, 1921, which seeks to show that the Jews have had the dominant role in Bolshevism from the outset; and a booklet in French. *The Jews and the Russian Revolution,* by Boris Mirsky, a rather feeble and emotional attempt to disprove this view. Both are of value and interest, but the limitation of space prevents our quoting them at length.

We come, then, to the main thesis of Mrs. Webster: that all the disruptive, evil and subversive movements of the last century and a half have had their origin in the secret society conceived and founded by Adam Weishaupt; and that this original cause is still in full operation, and must be expected to bear much evil fruit in the future.

We believe that there is a certain element of truth in Mrs. Webster's view, but we believe also that Mrs. Webster has not gone deep enough, has not penetrated beneath the surface to the real causes of the facts which she so painstakingly details.

Let us test the matter in this way: Would Mrs. Webster affirm that if Weishaupt had died, let us say, the year before he revolted from the training of the Jesuits, there would have been no French Revolution, no Revolution of 1848, no Marxian Socialism, no Bolshevism? We hardly think so. It would then follow that Weishaupt's society was only one factor among many; his plans and methods may have supplied the moulds, the formulae, for future movements, but the causes are to be sought elsewhere.

It has been said many times that only after we have gained a clear realization of spiritual light, of holiness, are we able to perceive the reality and danger of evil; not as a principle co-eternal with good, but as the rebellious distortion of the divine gift of free will, a spiritual power turned to evil ends. In the same way, perhaps, it may be affirmed that only after we have to some degree become aware of the part played in the life of mankind by the Masters of Light, are we able to perceive the dangerous, subtle and evil part played in human history by the masters of darkness.

A quotation from *Light on the Path* will make our meaning clear:

"In fact, to have lost the power to wound, implies that the snake is not only scotched, but killed. When it is merely stupefied or lulled to sleep it awakens again and the disciple uses his knowledge and his power for his own ends, and is a pupil of the many masters of the black art, for the road to destruction is very broad and easy, and the way can be found blindfold." (page 79).

What we wish to suggest, then, is that, in the history so graphically and sincerely set forth by Mrs. Webster in her books, we have only one chapter, neither the first nor the last, of the history of a secret society which antedates Weishaupt by many millenniums, and which will continue its evil and destructive work for millenniums to come; until the day, in fact, when mankind's advance in spiritual light and life will have raised the whole human race above the plane of darkness and evil which supplies the masters of evil with their life and sustenance, lacking which they are doomed to die of starvation.

This may suggest the reason why the pupils of the powers of evil work so untiringly to thwart every real advance of the human race, to pull down whatever civilization painfully builds, that makes for light and true development and spiritual growth. And we underlined the characters of the men who are the protagonists in the drama described by Mrs. Webster, in order to make clear the type of men who are the natural pupils of the masters of darkness. To put it simply, their

characters are detestable from every sane and normal standard of human life.

It would not be difficult to suggest reasons why these pupils and co-workers of the powers of darkness choose the chief clauses of their creed: Internationalism, communism, the destruction of the higher class through the despotic rule of the lowest class, the corruption of family life. The attack on religion hardly needs comment.

If we take a large view of human development throughout the ages, we shall see that one great factor in spiritual evolution has been the national spirit: the development of some peculiar excellence or gift in a limited group, in order that this gift may enrich the whole of mankind. The simile has been used before, but it has its point: an orchestra depends for its musical value on the marked difference between the instruments which compose it, the contrast between them, the different parts of the whole melodic and harmonic creation which they bring into relief. But each instrument must be excellent in its own individual character and scope; the more individual it is, the better for the orchestral effect.

So with nationality. It would seem that one power of the Logos, or a part of one power, is incarnated in each real nation, and that this nation exists to give that power scope and expression, in order to make it visible and available for the whole human race. Therefore true nationhood is a divine expedient for forwarding the life of all humanity. And therefore the masters of darkness, who desire above all things that humanity shall not progress in spiritual life, invariably make their attack against true nationhood, in the name of a false and delusive internationalism. By just that much can they put off the day of spiritual life, which will also be the day of their own destruction.

The consideration of this false and dangerous internationalism, which means, in practice, a violent opposition to all true nationhood, brings us to one of the most valuable points in Lord Sydenham's article already referred to: the point that the most active and virulent agents and preachers of internationalism since the days of Karl Marx and Lassalle have been Jews. Lord Sydenham writes: "In this country [England], and in others, there are many Jews who are loyal and valued citizens; but, whenever they have proclaimed their solidarity with their adopted States, they have been subjected to violent attacks. Of Mr. Morgenthau's recent claim to be an American, the *Jewish World* could say: 'What horrible banality! God's chosen people, their aspirations and their strivings satisfied, their martyrdoms avenged by becoming American' (July 27, 1921). In the spirit here manifested, of which there are many examples, lies danger which Gentiles ignore at their peril."

This suggests two considerations. First, those Jews who are the most violent preachers of internationalism are, for the most part, atheists and renegades from their own religion. They attack, with nationhood, the ties of religion and of family life; and this last attack means for

them a dissolution of the bonds of family life, in order to open the door to sex promiscuity and unbridled sensuality. The proposed "socialization of women" in Bolshevist Russia made this absolutely clear. The attack on nationhood, on patriotism, is only the entering wedge, to be followed by squalid libertinism.

Therefore, those Jews who, like Mr. Morgenthau, have proclaimed their faith in patriotism, must not be content to stop at this point. They must look all the facts in the face; they must recognize clearly that Jewish internationalism is only the beginning of a process of complete destruction; and they must further recognize their own responsibility for their own race, with all its tendencies. They must actively and of deliberate purpose combine and organize their efforts to stem this tide of destruction, set in motion by the renegade anti-nationalists of their race. They must bring these destructive energies completely to an end. If they do not do this, and do it promptly and decisively, then the Gentile races will unquestionably be compelled, as Lord Sydenham suggests, to take the matter into their own hands, and take effective measures to defend themselves.

The creed of evil, with its spurious and destructive internationalism, lays equal stress on communism, and from a like impulse of opposition and hatred toward every factor of spiritual development. Human character, as it grows, demands the progressive balance of two forces; individual growth as a conscious unit, possessing defined powers and responsibilities, and, on the other hand, a steady broadening and deepening of relationship with others. "Kill out all sense of separateness . . . . yet stand alone" is the eternal paradox of spiritual life. But communism deliberately works to submerge all individual growth and responsibility, all individual light and power, in a low and gross mob-consciousness, which offers no possibility for responsible spiritual life. Precisely for this reason, communism commends itself to the powers of evil, whose very existence depends on checking and stifling the spiritual advance of mankind.

Ordered family life is, in the same way, a vitally valuable training school for spiritual development. The model of true family life is the relation between a Master and his chelas, his "children", to translate the word literally. Therefore the powers of evil make their onslaught on family life.

Whoever studies Mrs. Webster's books must be struck by the fact that the organization, the methods, the very phrases of these workers of deliberate evil are all distorted counterfeits of the organization and methods of the Powers of Good. The fundamental reason for this likeness is, that evil will is a distortion and corruption of divine will, and is, therefore, compelled to create along the same general lines, because it has no original life. But, as always, the counterfeit testifies to the genuine original.

Students of Theosophy will understand both the law and its result,

and will see why words like Illumination, adept, lodge, and so on, continually recur in the counterfeit activities of the powers of darkness. And just at this point, it seems to us, Mrs. Webster has lacked the clue which students of Theosophy possess, and has, therefore, tended to condemn certain of the children of light, merely because their methods of organization are mimicked by the apes of darkness. For example, Mrs. Webster (page 26) ascribes to Cagliostro a role, which is the exact opposite of that which he really played, in the view of many students of Theosophy, who hold that he was an agent of the light, though he may have committed serious errors. Cagliostro was rejected by the Masonry of his day, and was later traduced and defamed; but that has been the common fate of those who are in advance of their time. What we have said of Cagliostro applies in a measure also to Martinez Pasqualis, whom Mrs. Webster equally blacklists, and to his pupil St. Martin.

We come now to the practical application. We shall be well advised carefully to note the characteristics of the men whom Mrs. Webster has so vividly portrayed: their ambition, their vanity, their hunger for despotic power, the corruption of their lives; because we have here a list of those elements in human nature, and therefore in our own natures, which give the masters of darkness their opportunity.

Where races go over bodily to gross and evil ambition, like the Germans, these races will become apt agents of the powers of evil; where a race becomes widely tainted with greed and materialism, and makes itself the enemy of true nationhood and patriotism, as is, unfortunately, the case with many Jews, that race will offer special opportunities; and we shall find natural alliances, like that between Lassalle and Bismarck, between Trotzky and the German General Staff.

Right understanding is vitally necessary. Students of Theosophy ought to realize that the conflict between the Powers of Light and the masters of darkness is in fact universal; not remote or abstract, but waged day by day, hour by hour, in the very midst of human life. We should be on the watch for manifestations of these deliberately planned and directed activities; for example, we should be able at once to recognize the source and aim of the activities described in such a book as Mrs. Webster's, supplying the clues which are there lacking; discerning the real directors behind the scenes, and their lasting purpose of evil. We must use our discrimination always; and, knowing that this conflict is going on from day to day, in our own hearts and in the world about us, we should follow the events of the day, as recorded in the daily papers, with something more of genuine understanding and discernment, finding in these events, whether small or great, the evidences of the terrific conflict which is ceaselessly waged. Real understanding, even by the few, a clear recognition, here, in the world, of the work of the unseen contestants, will definitely aid the Powers of Light, when heart and mind and will are thrown on the side of the Divine.

FRAGMENTS

HE who would see the Master should seek him at the dawning, for it is then he is most visible to men.

The Lodge has four great doors. One looks towards the North, one towards the South, one towards the East, one towards the West. Just prior to the hour of dawn there issues from each portal (as that hour may come), a messenger, an angel. He stands upon the threshold, the great doors opened wide, wrapped in silence. As the first grey light shows faintly in the sky, he steps across, raising his face to the stars above him. Then his voice sounds,—a great echoing cry like an organ tone, that slowly pulsates into silence again:—Awake thou that sleepest: arise from death! Three times at intervals that cry resounds, then the great doors close upon the messenger's return. They tell us, those who know the secrets of the Lodge, that this is the Lodge's memorial to the resurrection of Christ; that since that first Easter Day in Palestine these messengers have called each morning, and that the call stirs somewhere in the depths of every soul,—to the North, to the South, to the East, to the West. They who are "awake" at dawn can hear it, they say, not only with the inner ear, but with the outer, and feel the quivering response of Nature to this "Aum" chanted on its new note.

Christ held out his chalice to me, and I who was athirst, cried, Lord, give me to drink! And he said, Would'st thou drink? And I cried the more saying, Yea, give me to drink, Lord, I die of thirst. And he gave me, but his face was sad.

The first taste was sweet, sweet beyond measure, with a sweetness that intensified all thirst, and that moreover made any other beverage unsatisfying for ever. The second taste was of wormwood and of gall, bitter unbearably. Yet it, too, intensified my thirst, and though I shrank, I knew that I must drink or die. Then I beheld the chalice, and lo, it was the Heart of my Lord which he held out to me, and I drank through the wound in it where he was pierced for my sins. Drop by drop the nectar fell from that opening of his love, as still he held the chalice out to me. And what I drank now was a liquid fire, burning and consuming me, a torture inner and outer. So I understood how God's love had created hell as well as heaven.

CAVÉ.

IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH
KATHA UPANISHAD

Translated from the Sanskrit with an Interpretation

V.

This Spirit who is awake in those who sleep, moulding desire after desire: this, verily, is the luminous one, this is the Eternal; this, verily, is called the immortal. In this all worlds are set firm, nor does any transcend it. This, verily, is That.

As the one vital Fire, entering the world, has shaped itself according to form after form, so the one Inner Self of all beings shapes itself to form after form, and is also outside them.

As the one Breath, entering the world, has shaped itself according to form after form, so the one Inner Self of all beings shapes itself to form after form, and is also outside them.

As the Sun, the eye of all the world, is not stained by visible outward defects, so the one Inner Self of all beings is not stained by the evil of the world, being outside it.

The one Ruler, the Inner Self of all beings, who makes one form manifold: the wise who recognize Him dwelling within them, theirs is joy everlasting, but not of others.

The enduring among unenduring things, the Intelligence of intelligences, who, being one, disposes the desires of many: the wise who recognize Him dwelling within them, theirs is peace everlasting, but not of others.

This is that, they say, the ineffable, supreme joy; how may I understand it? Does this give light, or shine by another's light?

The sun shines not there, nor the moon and stars, nor these lightnings, nor fire like this. After this shining, all shines; from the shining of this, all draws its light.

THIS passage is so clear, so eloquent and full of beauty, that it hardly needs any comment. It is the teaching of the supreme Divine Self, which is at once Divine Consciousness and Divine Will; which is the inner Divine Self of all beings, and the origin and source of all power, of every form of force and will throughout the universe.

As being the source and substance of all force, it is that everlasting Motion which is one aspect of the Eternal. And, since motion, in one of its manifestations, is light, this everlasting Motion is perpetual, eternal Light.

One phase of our perceptive consciousness is recipient of natural light, which is a manifestation of the everlasting Light. If we can conceive a spiritual consciousness directly perceptive of that Light, we shall recognize that such a consciousness will dwell in everlasting Light.

This is one of the most universal of all religious and mystical symbols: the Eternal is the "Father of Lights"; the incarnate Logos is "the Light of the world"; and we find, in the *Upanishads* and in the *Apocalypse,* exactly the same expression of the self-luminous spiritual world: "The sun shines not there, nor the moon and stars. . . . from the shining of this, all draws its light"; and "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light".

Yet another universal religious teaching finds its expression in the passage translated above: the teaching that the Divine is both immanent and transcendent. The one Breath, the Spirit, enters the world shaping itself to form after form, and yet remains outside them. The Divine Spirit is at once the substance, the force and consciousness of every manifested form; yet this manifestation, this endless differentiation does not for an instant impair the perfect unity, the entire perfection of the Divine.

Rooted above, downward branching is this immemorial Ashvattha tree: this, verily, is the luminous one, this is the Eternal; this, verily, is called the immortal. In this all worlds are set firm, nor does any transcend it. This, verily, is That.

Whatever is here, the whole moving world, moves in the Life, made manifest from That. This is the great Fear, the uplifted sceptre; they who know this, become immortal. Through fear of this, fire burns; through fear of this, the sun glows; through fear of this, Indra ana Vayu, and Death runs as the fifth.

If one has been able to awaken to this, here, before the body's dissolution, thereafter he builds for embodiment in the creative worlds.

As in a mirror, so in oneself is this perceived; as in dream, so in the world of the Fathers; as in the waters, dispersedly, this is perceived in the world of the Seraphs; as in the light and the shadow, it is perceived in the world of the Eternal.

The immemorial Ashvattha tree is the Tree of Life, rooted above, in the Eternal, and branching downward through the manifested worlds. This again is a universal symbol, found in all religions.

The Eternal is the "great Fear", the everlasting Mystery, before which even the loftiest spirit must ever bow down in reverent awe; the unseen, supreme Lord, whom all manifested powers, whether of life or death, perpetually obey.

The recognition of this Divine Eternal makes for the building of the spiritual body, "the house not made with hands".

While we are here, the Divine Self is indistinctly seen; it appears "as in a mirror, enigmatically," in Saint Paul's words; in the world of the Fathers, the restorative paradise between death and rebirth, it is seen as in a dream, since that is a world of celestial dreams; in the world of the Seraphs, the angelic world, its radiance is like the gleam of sunlight on rippled water, every celestial being reflecting something of that light. In the world of the Eternal, there is the light and the shadow: the light of the Logos, the shadow of the manifested worlds.

The wise man, considering that the activity of the powers of perception and action is separate from his real being, and that they have their rising and setting, as of activities arising apart from himself, grieves not.

Higher than the powers is Mind; higher than Mind is spiritual being; above spiritual being is the Great Self; above the Great is the Unmanifest. But higher than the Unmanifest is the Spirit, all pervading, without distinctive mark. Knowing this, a living being is set free and goes to immortality.

This is what may be called the classification of the Principles: there are, first, the powers of perception and action; then Manas; then the spiritual being, Buddhi, the manifestation of Atma; above Atma is the Logos; beyond the Logos is the Eternal. Knowing this spiritual stairway, man ascends it to immortality.

The form of the Eternal cannot be seen, nor can any one behold Him with the eyes. Through the heart, through illumination, through the understanding He is apprehended. They who know this, become immortal.

When the five powers of perception come to rest, with the mind, and the understanding no longer strives, this they call the highest way; this they hold to be union, the steady controlling of the powers; thereupon he becomes undeluded, for union is a rising and a surcease.

Not, verily, by speech, or by thought, or by the eyes, can this be obtained. It is apprehended of him who realizes its being; how could it be known otherwise?

It is to be apprehended by realizing its being, and by direct experience of both; to him who has apprehended it through realization, its true being is revealed.

When all desires that dwell in his heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal and enters the Eternal.

When all the knots of the heart are untied, the mortal becomes immortal; so far goes the teaching handed down.

These passages would seem to be the original source of the teaching of union, of Yoga, one formulation of which has come down to us.

connected with the name of Patanjali, while there is another expression of the same teaching in the *Bhagavad Gita.*

Only one sentence appears to call for comment: "It is to be apprehended by realizing its being, and by direct experience of both": the meaning appears to be, a direct experience of the Divine within us and the Divine above us; the dim star within, and the infinite light.

A hundred and one are the channels of the heart; of them, one rises to the crown; ascending by this, he reaches immortality; the others lead in diverse ways.

Of the measure of the thumb, the Spirit, the Inner Self, dwells ever in the hearts of creatures. Let him draw this forth from the body, steadily, like a reed from its sheath. Let him know this to be the luminous, the immortal; let him know this to be the luminous, the immortal.

Something has already been said, in a previous section, concerning the "channel in the head" through which the divine fire ascends, to what Shankara calls "the door". This appears to be a reference to the same teaching.

As has already been said, the second part of *Katha Upanishad* appears to consist of pages taken from some Book of Discipline for disciples, each passage almost complete in itself, with the result that there is some lack of external continuity. But the inner thought is continuous, as will become clear as each passage is read, pondered on, and inwardly digested. The repetition of the closing sentence, here, as elsewhere, is meant to mark the end of the text.

There is, however, an added passage, intended to preserve the unity of the whole book by declaring that the preceding passages were a part of the teaching given by Death to Nachiketas. This passage follows.

Nachiketas, receiving this wisdom declared by Death, and the perfect rule of union, attained to the Eternal, gaining freedom from passion and from death. So, verily, will he who knows this, concerning the Divine Self.

C. J.

Dost thou pray? Nay! God prays to thee . . . Listen to His prayer.—ANON.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

III

Cagliostro

In previous numbers of the Quarterly, reference was made at some length to the *French Revolution,* by Mrs. Nesta Webster, and to the attitude there adopted toward the Free Masons and Illuminati and their share in the responsibility for the Revolution. On such a subject, where the truth is so difficult of access, each additional point of view, presenting, as it may, some new facet of the whole truth, is well worth consideration. A book on Illuminism in France, by Dr. "Papus,"* who claims to have devoted years to the study of the subject, affords several significant points.

Using the term Illuminati in a sense other than that of Mrs. Webster, he distinguishes definitely between them and the Masonic Order. The Illuminati—among whom he classes the followers of men like Martinez Pasqualis, Saint Martin, Willermoz—devoted themselves to science, theurgy, etc., teaching the doctrine of the perfectibility of man, endeavouring to develop inner faculties ordinarily dormant, and seeking, through the practice of magic, to obtain the objective assistance of a guide from the spiritual world. They avoided politics and kindred projects, and were avowedly hostile to certain of the societies whose aims were political.

In his treatment of Masonry, the author makes another distinction within the Order itself. He traces the history of the Masonic Order proper, from its foundation in England, in 1646, by the members of certain powerful occult confraternities, as a centre of propaganda for their work, down to and through the establishing of the Grand Orient of France in 1773. The Order stood avowedly for liberty, fraternity, equality, but was not subversive in character; it was equally strong in its warfare against atheism and immorality. The subversive, distinctively revolutionary element among the societies of the time, he attributes to the surviving members of what had been the Knights Templar, who banded together in 1786 to form the Grand Chapitre General. In many instances, the members of this body took advantage of the Masonic organization, carrying on their work by forming higher grades of Masonry, their members well organized and admirably disciplined, and their teachings aiming to make of each member an avenger of the Knights Templar.

* Students of Theosophy doubtless will remember Madame Blavatsky's unfavourable opinion of Dr. "Papus." It is interesting, nevertheless, to note the result of his researches in regard to Illuminism.—Editors.

Of course there were societies combining the qualities of all these three classes in varying ways, and with varying relations to the parent body.

While some of the author's conclusions are without doubt open to question, they nevertheless afford valuable pointers, in a veritable maze of available information, where the time-honoured test, "by their fruits", cannot always be applied with any certainty. The interesting suggestion is made that the secret societies of any given period are like the astral model on which the physical body—the outer social life—is formed. In illustration, the author refers to the social system prior to the Revolution, at the time when the Knights Templar were an active influence. Then the hierarchical system prevailed, and recognition of a supreme power, and of obedience to it, were the rule—all, it is said, an outer manifestation of the organization of the Religious Orders. This he contrasts with the democracy during and after the Revolution—the outer manifestation of the organization of the Masonic Order. It is further asserted that the Monarchy and the Church, in suppressing the Knights Templar, while they recognized what was occurring on the outer plane, little realized the inner significance of the act and its far-reaching effect for the future.

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, there was an enormous growth of the Masonic Order. From very small beginnings, it had increased in 1776 to the number of three hundred French Lodges. In 1789 there were over six hundred, and by the end of the century, general statistics showed 137,675 Lodges, comprising over twenty-one million Masons. This meant that the principles of liberty, fraternity and equality, continually taught in the Lodges, could scarcely fail to become a living power in the life of the day. Hand in hand with that, there went an intense and widespread interest in the supernatural. Occultism, illuminism, spiritualism, magic were the fashion; the Philosopher's Stone, the Elixir of Life, were topics of absorbing interest. Visions and revelations were sought after, and the power to control unseen spirits. Dabblers in various arts evolved mystical systems of one sort or another, and gathered each their small following about them, usually in a secret organization. Masonry was closely allied with the interest in the supernatural, and the members of the various Lodges were avid in search of experiences of all kinds, open to any influence that might be brought to bear on them. This was the instrument which the Lodge messengers, carrying on the work of enlightenment for the last quarter of the century, found ready to hand. And of the three men who came to do the Lodge work of that period—Mesmer, the pioneer, St. Germain supervising the developments, and Cagliostro later commissioned to help (see *Theosophical Glossary*)—at least the last two men made extensive use of Masonry, introducing various rites not familiar, and often not acceptable, to Masons of the day. It was Cagliostro who made the most definite effort to weld the Order together, to give it oneness of purpose and loftiness of ideal, and to use it definitely as an instrument.

It would be difficult to discover a man concerning whom more startlingly contradictory stories have been circulated than about Cagliostro. Any one who is forceful, successful, eminent, is certain to have detractors, to make enemies; but it is not often that one finds the same man considered by hundreds of people wholly good,—beloved, revered, even regarded as "divine", and by equal numbers, wholly bad, possessed of no spark of the qualities that would render him merely human. Carlyle, with his eye for the dramatic, pictures him a monstrous sham —less than man, less than beast even; by profession a healer of diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, Spirit-summoner, Gold-cook, Prophet, Priest, thaumaturgic moralist and swindler; really a Liar of the first magnitude; a Quack of Quacks, surrounded by gulled or gulling disciples; a most dusky, bull-necked, mastiff-faced, sinister-looking individual, with mouth of pinchbeck, and front of brass. Indeed, even Carlyle's inexhaustible store of adjectives must have been taxed to meet the demand, and in the end he fails of his purpose through so far overshooting the mark.

Madame Blavatsky made the statement that Cagliostro, misjudged for so many decades, would be vindicated in the present century. An important step in this direction has been taken by Dr. Marc Haven in a book entitled *Le Maitre Inconnu Cagliostro.* In it the author, using the same method adopted by Mrs. Webster in her *French Revolution,* endeavours to discover the real man. Thanks to the thoroughness of the Inquisition, almost nothing of Cagliostro's own writings escaped the flames. But letters of noted men who knew him, journals and memoirs of the day, records of his Order, are consulted, with an effort to take into account the position and bias of the writer and whatever other elements might affect the value of the testimony.

W. R. H. Trowbridge, in the Preface to his book, *Cagliostro, the Splendour and Misery of a Master of Magic,* writes: "In choosing Cagliostro as the subject of an historical memoir, I was guided at first, I admit, by the belief that he was the arch-impostor he is popularly supposed to be. With his mystery, magic and highly sensational career, he seemed just the sort of picturesque personality I was in search of. The moment, however, I began to make my researches I was astonished to find how little foundation there was in point of fact for the popular conception." The further this author pursued the subject, the more he became convinced of the error of the usually accepted view. And this is just the conviction one gains in following the researches of Dr. Haven. He shows us the bigness, the open-hearted generosity, the kindliness and impulsiveness of the man, in a way that makes him vividly real and living, and, what is more important, at the same time he shows the reason for his downfall (outwardly speaking, at least), the cause of all the slander, misunderstanding and obloquy under which the real man is concealed.

Numerous fantastic ideas can be gathered from rumours, some slanderous, some satirical, concerning Cagliostro's early life. Nothing is known as fact. Almost the earliest dependable accounts start with his first London sojourn in 1776, during which he foretold to several chance acquaintances the winning numbers in a Lottery then being held, and as a result fell into the clutches of a band of swindlers, was robbed, imprisoned, and finally, with his wife, left England almost without money or possessions. According to some accounts, he came into contact with Masonry more or less by chance, during this visit. Partly in view of his mission, and partly in view of the fact that London was, in a sense, the source of the Masonic activity of the day, it seems far more probable that his journey to London was made for the particular purpose of making this connection.

Be this as it may, as he travelled about Europe, from this time on, he visited one Masonic Lodge after another, honoured and increasingly influential wherever he went. His endeavour was to develop and use what was best in them. He taught the members the relativity, the incompleteness of our knowledge of the world about us, our perceptions limited as they are, to what we can learn by means of the five senses. He taught of other senses, undeveloped in most men, but capable of development, which open up a new world and extend the limits of consciousness. But it was necessary to meet his pupils on their own ground, satisfy their curiosity, offer them proofs to win them to his teaching. Accordingly he held séances, performed magical operations, and of these, as might be expected, the most is made by his enemies. His method as a rule seems to have been somewhat like what is now known as crystal gazing. The principal features of it were a carafe or globe of water, into which gazed a small child, called the pupil or *coulomb,* who must not be past the age of innocence—and in which he saw spirits who prophesied future events, told of happenings at a distance, gave answers to questions, and so forth. Eliphas Levi wrote suggestively: Cagliostro practises hydromancy, because he knows that water is at the same time an excellent conductor, a powerful reflector and a very *refringent* medium for the astral light, as is proved by the mirages of the desert and the mountains. Cagliostro himself said that he made use of these séances as a means of calling attention to the fact that there is another world than the material world of our familiar acquaintance. This suggests the early days of Madame Blavatsky's work, when popular interest in spiritualism and psychic phenomena were employed similarly for the same purpose. The séances, far from being useless ceremonies, mere amusement, suddenly proved to have an object. They were theurgic; the regeneration of man was their aim, and through spiritual means.

To follow the course of Cagliostro's career would be useless repetition of what is already well known. Suffice it to say that as he travelled from one place to another, he developed more and more the plan for

his Egyptian Masonry; his pupils increased with great rapidity, and not only had he a large following, but he became intimately associated with more and more distinguished people, people of learning, of culture, of every rank of society including the highest aristocracy.

One account of Cagliostro's work makes the assertion that his real greatness lay in his power as a clairvoyant and as a healer. His power as a healer, as a physician (whatever his method), was overwhelmingly attested during his stay in Strasbourg. He had previously practised medicine to some extent. Here, a number of remarkable cures spread his fame abroad, and people flocked to him from far and near—his hôtel was filled with patients; his stairway and vestibule, the street before his house, were crowded. From early morning until late at night, he continued the work day after day. Hundreds were of the very poor, and he gave them medicine, food, money. Many were of the very rich. To all alike his understanding of the hearts of men gave a healing of more than body. In a very short time, his work brought him into conflict with the medical profession—a sharp conflict, resulting in the bitter enmity of certain physicians. Unable to strike successfully at him in any other way, they engaged a recent arrival from Spain—Carlo Sachi by name—to act as tool. Sachi, claiming to have known and been aided by Cagliostro in earlier years, succeeded in obtaining a place as errand boy or apprentice for him. Cagliostro himself had always scrupulously avoided accepting any payment whatever for his medical services; in fact, he accepted money on no occasion, and the source of his obvious wealth was always a mystery. The new apprentice, engaged in carrying prescriptions to patients, extorted from them and pocketed large sums, and in ways best calculated to rouse their resentment. He gossiped and strutted about, making himself well known as the assistant of the great man, and then told, on all sides, evil stories of a supposed former relationship with the Count, and by insinuation and innuendo cast suspicion on his present standing in Strasbourg, the value of his work, and the honesty of his purpose. A patient, hearing the tales, disclosed the state of affairs. Sachi was at once dismissed, and on threatening the life of the informant, was banished from Strasbourg for his threats and "for calumnies against a man very universally respected." He then claimed that it was all a mistake, that he had been speaking of someone else, and when this failed of its purpose, he withdrew from the city, and sent to Cagliostro an extortionate bill for services rendered. The only reason for going into this incident is that the highly coloured tales of Sachi were not only taken up at the time by enemies of Cagliostro—by that army of little people who are always jealous of power or success, and by the still larger number of idle gossips—but at a much later date, the testimony of this scoundrel was widely used, and in the popular accounts that have remained, his stories are all too often quoted as fact.

Cagliostro did not remain long in any one place, but travelled widely

throughout Europe, and in some sections, notably in Central Europe, visited practically every Lodge, winning adherents everywhere for his Egyptian Masonry. The Lodges had no spiritual direction, were ignorant of their origin and their aim, and according to the account of Dr. Haven, Cagliostro's effort was to infuse the Christian spirit, the spirit of wisdom and of truth, into this growing organism. In order to do so, it was necessary that he should direct Masonry as a whole, draw it away from worldly concerns, direct it toward the light. At Lyons he achieved a triumph in his Masonic work, forming a Lodge, erecting a temple, wholly in accordance with his plan. This period was, in one way, the summit of his career. To attempt to re-tell Dr. Haven's account of it would be a mistake. But from that account a few passages, taken from the ritual of the three grades of Egyptian Masonry, will help to give, in brief, an idea of the nature of the teachings:—

Masonic works are entirely spiritual, and have no other object than to earn the privilege of being admitted into the temple of God. Man, created in the image and likeness of God is the most perfect of his works. So long as he preserved his innocence, he commanded all living beings, even angels, intelligent forces, ministers of God. But as the result of the abuse of his power, it was lost; man was made mortal, and deprived even of communication with spiritual beings. His work, in order to regain the original purity and power which were his right, thus becomes considerable, and this is the purpose of initiation. The regeneration is twofold: moral and physical. In order that he re-become a child of God, first the longing for it must be awakened within him, and he must then begin to shape his life accordingly. If he be sincere in his efforts, God will provide for him one of His elect to help him. He learns from this master that the work consists in glorifying God (spiritual regeneration); in penetrating into the sanctuary of nature (intellectual regeneration), and in purifying the elements in himself (social and physical regeneration). To glorify God in oneself, is to become interiorly formed anew, not by exterior austerities, but by interior conflict and struggle. The work is long and patience is necessary. To penetrate into the sanctuary of nature is to acquire knowledge, not of human learning, but the direct cognisance of reality. When man has become thus triply regenerated—a healthy soul in a healthy body—he will experience an influx of the grace of God and will himself become a master. And just as the ordinary man, living in the material world, perceives and acts in it, so the regenerate man can perceive and act in the spiritual world where he lives.

This is, of course, only an incomplete rendering of the ritual of the first three grades. The more private papers, which Cagliostro regarded as of inestimable value, were, a part at a time, stolen in London, confiscated in Paris, seized and burnt in Rome; so that practically nothing remains.

Of his stay in Paris—the splendour and magnificence of his life there, the number and high rank of his friends and followers—and of his connection with the celebrated affair of the diamond necklace, much has been written that purports to be fact. In fiction, it has been immortalized by Alexandre Dumas in several of his novels—and in a most unfortunate light. The *Queen's Necklace* represents him as clever, intriguing, using as dupes the other figures of the drama, secretly plotting and effecting the theft of the necklace, with the malignant purpose of discrediting the monarchy at this most critical period. Dr. Haven shows that Cagliostro had actually nothing to do with the theft of the necklace. He was not in Paris, had not come to Paris until the plan had been made and carried out. It will be remembered that the affair of the necklace involved the Cardinal de Rohan, a high dignitary of the Church and one of the highest of the French aristocracy, whose close intimacy with Cagliostro had long been a matter of note; and a woman, Madame de la Motte, a natural descendant of Henri II, clever, ambitious, audacious, totally unscrupulous. The Prince-Cardinal was not in favour at Court. Madame de la Motte, trading on his ambitions, led him to think that Marie Antoinette favoured him secretly and desired her to act as go-between; and finally induced him to become security for the payment for a diamond necklace, which the Queen was alleged to desire but to be unable to afford. The date of payment fell due; the Cardinal, immensely wealthy though he was, could not meet it. The Queen of course disclaimed all knowledge of it, and the Cardinal and Madame de la Motte were imprisoned. Madame de la Motte could not accuse the Cardinal, for no one would have believed her. In his palace, she had several times met Cagliostro—there was much about him that was mysterious and not understood;—her ready accusation, then, was, "The alchemist took the necklace to pieces in order to increase by means of it the treasures of an unheard of fortune." By insinuation, she involved his wife as well, and both were imprisoned in the Bastille for many months, awaiting trial. From Madame de la Motte's testimony at the trial, came many of the statements on which rest Cagliostro's reputation as an impostor, a charlatan and a swindler. He had become justly famous as a healer, a wonderworker, a possessor of fabulous wealth, the source of which was a mystery. Rumour had enlarged on his powers in endless directions, and all this gave easy credence to the lurid tales of the unscrupulous woman who was determined to fasten her own guilt on him. To her, then, are due the stories that he claimed to be hundreds of years old; that he had been present at the marriage at Cana, and many others. She said he was a Portuguese Jew, a Greek, an Egyptian of Alexandria, that he sold immortality to the wealthy, and that he was guilty of misdemeanours of many kinds.

As is well known, Cagliostro was completely exonerated, and on his release was given an ovation by throngs of people, who filled the

streets as they escorted him back to his home. At this time, revolutionary sentiments were openly expressed, and his long detention in the Bastille on mere suspicion, caused him to be hailed as a martyr to the liberties of man. Though Madame de la Motte had been convicted and sentenced, a certain faction which lost no opportunity to strike at the King and Queen, published scurrilous pamphlets, claiming that Marie Antoinette was really involved in the affair, if the truth were known. The outcome of it all was that Cagliostro was immediately banished from France. He withdrew to London, and from there brought suit against the Marquis De Launay, Governor of the Bastille, and also against the Commissioner of Police, for the loss of valuable papers and other possessions, money, medicines, and alchemical powders, which had been wantonly seized when he was thrown into prison. This, of course, intensified the feeling against him among certain of the Court circle in France, and brought about his meeting with the man who has done more than anyone else to blacken his name, Theveneau de Morande.

The latter was born in France, was a rascal from boyhood, and finally fled to England to escape punishment. Here he became a professional blackmailer, writing first *Le Gazeteer Cuirassé ou Anecdotes Scandaleuse sur la Cour de France*. He blackmailed Madame du Barry; he tried to blackmail Voltaire, but came off the loser. The French Government attempted to seize him, and he posed in England as a political exile. Finally, the French Government employed him as a subsidized journalist and spy, and he became the editor of the "Courrier de l'Europe," which was read all over the continent. In it, he and a band of associates tore reputations to shreds, and to the attacks of this man's ready pen, Cagliostro was subjected by his enemies in France. Morande seized and improved upon all the wild tales, absurd or venomous as the case might be, which Madame de la Motte had invented during her trial, and for a considerable time tried through written attack to provoke a quarrel or induce a bribe. All the rumours afloat were gathered together, and finally someone was sought who had a grievance and would bring a charge against Cagliostro. As a result of this search, Sachi was unearthed. Morande brought him to London at his own expense and secretly swore out a writ against Cagliostro. English law at that time made imprisonment the penalty for even one complaint of indebtedness. Fortunately, Cagliostro was warned and took immediate legal steps in time to foil Morande's scheme. He then wrote a "Letter to the English People," in which he scored Morande so successfully that the whole affair was dropped. Both in his personal friendships and in his Masonic work, Cagliostro's standing remained unchanged, but in the latter field, in England, the results apparently did not justify the effort expended, and in 1787 he yielded to the urging of his friends and pupils on the Continent—particularly of Sarrasin, one of his most devoted followers to the very end—and left for Switzerland. The "Courrier" immediately

claimed the glory of having driven him from London. It commiserated the Countess, who had remained behind in order to wind up their affairs, on having been deserted by her husband in his effort to save himself. Her stay with friends was represented as morally discreditable to her; the disposal of their furniture was represented as a seizure and forced sale. The seriousness of these calumnies was in no way lessened by the fact that the material in the "Courrier" appeared almost immediately in Leyden, Hamburg, Berlin, Florence, Amsterdam, and Paris.

In the *Queen's Necklace* and the *Memoirs of a Physician,* Cagliostro is represented by Dumas as an anti-monarchist, and a powerful exponent of democracy and the rights of man, and it would be interesting to know just where fiction ends and fact begins in such a charge. Cagliostro foretold the fall of the Bastille, it is true; the attack on Versailles; the overthrow of the monarchy; but in many another instance he had shown his clairvoyant powers, so the statements are no proof of anti-monarchical sentiments. In the Proceedings of the trial at Rome, he is accused of hatred toward the Court of France, and of sentiments and writings of a seditious nature, but the Proceedings, as will be seen later, warrant no credence. The so-called shockingly seditious writings are evidently identical with his "Letter to the French People," written during his exile in London. In it he laments his banishment as due to the King having been misled by his ministers; he speaks of the horrors of his imprisonment in the Bastille, and the cloud on the happiness of France constituted by the *lettres de cachet,* adding that God wills the Bastille be made a public promenade. (Mrs. Webster shows that this had long been talked of, and even considered by the King.) The letter continues, "O my friends, there will reign over you a prince who will find his glory in the abolition of the *lettres de cachet,* in the convocation of your States General, and above all in the re-establishment of the true religion. . . . Your sovereign is fitted for this great work. I know that he will bring it to pass, if he will only listen to his own heart. His severity toward me, does not blind me to his virtues."

This letter doubtless is less startling to us now, familiar as we are with the actual developments of the Revolution, than to one confident of the permanence and security of the old régime. It will seem still less seditious, however, if we turn to certain of the prophecies of the famous St. Germain. The latter foretold long in advance, every step of the Revolution. "Some years yet will pass by in a deceitful calm; then from all parts of the kingdom will spring up men greedy for vengeance, for power, and for money; they will overthrow all in their way. The seditious populace and some great members of the State will lend them support; a spirit of delirium will take possession of the citizens; civil war will burst out with all its horrors; it will bring in its train murder, pillage, exile. Then it will be regretted that I was not listened to." And again, "The Encyclopaedist party desire power; they will only obtain

it by the absolute downfall of the clergy, and to ensure this result they will overthrow the monarchy. This party, who seek a chief among the members of the royal family, have turned their eyes on the Duc de Chartres; this prince will become the tool of men who will sacrifice him when he has ceased to be useful to them; the crown of France will be offered him, and he will find the scaffold instead of the throne. But before this day of retribution, what cruelties! what crimes! Laws will no longer be the protection of the good and the terror of the wicked. It is these last who will seize power with their bloodstained hands; they will abolish the Catholic religion, the nobility, the magistracy." At another time: "Kingdom, Republic, Empire, mixed Governments, tormented, agitated, torn; from clever tyrants she [France] will pass to others who are ambitious without merit. She will be divided, parcelled out, cut up; and these are no pleonasms that I use, the coming times will bring about the overthrow of the Empire; pride will sway or abolish distinctions, not from virtue but from vanity, and it is through vanity that they will come back to them. The French, like children playing with handcuffs and slings, will play with titles, honours, ribbons; everything will be a toy to them, even to the shoulder-belt of the National Guard; the greedy will devour the finances."

The conduct of Lafayette and others prominent in the Revolution, even the rise of Napoleon was foretold. All these prophecies could be construed as seditious if one so desired, but how were they employed? Never in a way to cause strife. In every instance, as a warning, an aid, to the monarchy. By letter, by messenger, by personal interview, St. Germain made one effort after another to persuade Marie Antoinette of the danger, to lead her and the King to take measures which might avert the storm. A final letter to the Queen reads, "My words have fallen on your ears in vain, and you have reached the period of which I informed you. It is no longer a question of tacking but of meeting the storm with thundering energy." And immediately after, to a confidential friend of the Queen, "All is lost! This sun is the last which will set on the monarchy, to-morrow it will exist no more, chaos will prevail, anarchy unequalled. You know all I have tried to do to give affairs a different turn; I have been scorned; now it is too late. I can do nothing for the King, nothing for the Queen, nothing for the Royal Family, nothing even for the Duc d'Orléans, who will be triumphant to-morrow, and who, all in due course, will cross the Capitol to be thrown from the top of the Tarpeian rock."

Assuming that Cagliostro and St. Germain were both sent by the same source, both conscious of their mission, it is hardly to be supposed that one would be doing all in his power to avert the cataclysm, and the other intentionally fomenting strife. Madame Blavatsky says that Cagliostro made fatal mistakes and was recalled. What was their nature? She does not indicate. St. Germain worked secretly; he foretold these

events only to one or two or three persons—the persons whose power and influence would effect the most toward frustrating the revolutionary plot. Did the mistakes of Cagliostro lie, perhaps, in too great freedom of speech, in disclosures to the many instead of to the few, in a possible failure to calculate the inflammable condition of the public mind, the terrible consequences of the conflagration, once ignited? There is nothing to indicate a reply—only material for vague surmise. There is much in the revolutionary situation that is interestingly suggestive regarding the Lodge plan for the period—or rather alternative plans, representing, perhaps, the difference in individual method of certain Lodge members or groups of members—but here again, only surmise is possible.

Cagliostro remained in Switzerland until 1783, then continued his travels, arriving finally in Rome in May, 1789. It was in the following December, that he was seized by the Inquisition. His torturing trial, conducted secretly and with evidence which the prisoner was never permitted to see; his long struggle to vindicate himself and his doctrines; his tortures of body and agonies of mind; the gradual crushing out of hope, of fire, of spirit; the public abjuration of his "errors", as, barefooted and in penitent's garb, he asked pardon of God and Holy Church, while the executioner burnt before the multitude in the public square, his writings and papers; his sentence and final life imprisonment, under continual guard, in one of the deepest dungeons of the fortress of San Leo —this closing chapter of his life is one of absorbing interest, though not to the present purpose. The authorized account of the trial has been translated into English under the title of the *Life of Joseph Balsamo*, the latter having been declared by his enemies, some years before, to be his real name.

In fixing this name on him, Goethe was actively concerned. Rumour had it that Cagliostro, instead of being of high birth and connected in a mysterious way with the East, as had generally been accepted, was actually born in Palermo in a poor family named Balsamo. Goethe was entirely unacquainted with Cagliostro, but, as is well known, the literary and dramatic possibilities in the career of such a remarkable figure had appealed to him strongly, and he undertook to investigate the question. His findings are published in one of the volumes of *Wilhelm Meister*. He gathered considerable information about the real Joseph Balsamo, a ne'er-do-well and a miscreant, who apparently bore a strong physical resemblance to Cagliostro, and then on entirely unsatisfactory and inconclusive evidence (not to him perhaps, but certainly to his readers), linked together the early years of one and the later years of the other, and considered the matter settled. Quite typical of his method was his visit to the widow Balsamo. She was old, wretchedly poor, very ignorant, and, as is often the case in such circumstances, suspicious of strangers. Goethe represented himself to her as an Englishman who knew her son. The poor old creature was overjoyed at hearing again of her long lost boy,

sent for a notary and had him write for her a letter, which Goethe was supposed to deliver. In it she said she had been told of his having become immensely wealthy and a great lord, described her own pitiful state of want, and implored his help. This interview, and the fact that a young woman in the family resembled the portraits and busts of Cagliostro then everywhere prominent, sent Goethe away highly satisfied. As a matter of fact, every statement seems, if only from the point of view of incongruity, to be proof positive that there were two men and not one.

The Life of Joseph Balsamo, translated from the Original Proceedings published at Rome by order of the Apostolic Chamber, adopts the theory of identity, and gives many pages to the infamous early life of Balsamo. A more scurrilous and malignant account, it would be difficult to find. There is no form of dishonesty, chicanery, double dealing and maliciousness which he is not represented as indulging in habitually, and no low instinct or evil inclination which was not characteristic of his nature. A turn of roguery is given to every act of his life, as when he is represented as earning a precarious livelihood by making pen and ink drawings,—not honourably, but by taking engravings done by some one else and touching them up, so that they might have the appearance of pen sketches. He is declared ignorant and averse to learning. He and his wife are said to have wandered about Europe at times as beggars, but usually living on the proceeds of her enforced immorality. This is sufficient to show the general nature of the account. It is given a semblance of fact by various means—phrases such as: "This much is however certain (and he has confessed it himself)", then follows some low accusation. Or, "He did thus as all those intimately acquainted with him have affirmed." Or again, "During his trial before the Apostolic Court Cagliostro could not deny . . ." (Few men in the hands of the Inquisition could long deny what their judges wished them to affirm.) Of the utter incongruity between the vulgarity of his early life as here represented, and his later life of learning, culture, refinement, and close friendships with the nobility of every country he visited, the account makes no note. Such of the better known facts about him as the *Life* is forced to meet, it treats with characteristic disregard of truth; as for instance: "In regard to medicine, fortune was exceedingly favourable to him, and he actually succeeded in the cure of some diseases. But in truth his knowledge did not surpass that which is acquired by every quack and nostrum monger."

This is the book on which are based most of the popular accounts of Cagliostro's life and work. More than one writer could be cited, who begins his story with the statement that he had become interested in a book entitled *The Life of Joseph Balsamo,* had looked further and found the "Courrier de l'Europe," one number after another of which corroborated fully the first impression received, and so forth. The question of why such an account should have been issued by the Apostolic Chamber

is easily answered, when we realize that the Church had long been the bitter enemy of Free Masonry, regarding it as a deadly menace. Added to this, rumours were rife concerning the magnitude of Cagliostro's work, the complete devotion of his countless adherents, and the danger of secret plots to effect his rescue from the Inquisitorial prison. To destroy his work then, crush his sect, turning their devotion into doubt, suspicion or hate, and to stamp out his heretical doctrines, were regarded as imperative whatever the means necessary. A passage from an article by H. P. B. in "Lucifer"—January, 1890—quotes a typical instance of the terrorizing effect which his teachings, in the hands of his Inquisitors, would be likely to have:

"In the number of the crimes he is accused of is included that of the circulation of a book by an unknown author, condemned to public burning and entitled, *The Three Sisters*. The object of this work is 'to pulverize certain three high-born individuals.' [H. P. B. is quoting from contemporary correspondence, and adds her own explanation.] The real meaning of this most extraordinary misinterpretation is easy to guess. It was a work on Alchemy; the 'three sisters' standing symbolically for the three 'Principles' in their duplex symbolism. On the plane of occult chemistry they 'pulverize' the triple ingredient used in the process of the transmutation of metals; on the plane of Spirituality they reduce to a state of pulverization the three 'lower' *personal* 'principles' in man, an explanation that every Theosophist is bound to understand."

Going back to Mrs. Webster's book and her belief that Cagliostro was a member of the Order of Weishaupt and concerned in its ominous work: it would be absurd to question facts which she has gathered from sources inaccessible on this side of the ocean. Nor would there be any point in denying his connection at one time or another with various persons and various centres known to be revolutionary in character. But one cannot accept her conclusions. Cagliostro's years of almost continual travelling for the very purpose of reaching every Lodge possible, is ample explanation, it would seem, for contact with men of every stamp. And certainly there is no reason to suppose that he was influenced by them, adopted their doctrines or aided their work, as a result of such contact. His treatment of the Philaléthes, his demand that they burn every record of their own before his teaching be given them, is evidence enough of his independence. Would it not be reasonable to assume that he was striving to counteract the work of Weishaupt, and to convert the immense influence of Continental Masonry from destructive to constructive purposes?

Dr. Haven makes frequent reference to certain valuable unpublished manuscripts concerning Cagliostro, holding out the possibility of an additional work on the subject, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this work of bringing to light the real story, the whole truth, will be continued.

J. C.

THE WRITTEN LANGUAGE OF CHINA

AS geology finds recorded in the fossils, coal-beds, and strata of rock and sand, the physical history of the earth, so linguistics finds in the age-old word pictures of China the secret of origin of all written languages. Not that the Chinese is the oldest written language, for the Egyptian, perhaps transplanted to the Nile by the fourth race refugees from Atlantis, is surely older, but its beginning is hidden in the haze of antiquity; also it did not fossilize in the ideographic period, like the Chinese, but developed gradually into a syllabic and then alphabetic stage, the records found on the obelisks and elsewhere showing all these modes of writing combined. The Chinese, on the other hand, has remained in the logographic state, in which each character represents an entire word (with perhaps many meanings); and it has developed along that line, becoming conventionalized, the characters losing all semblance to the pictures which they originally were. The Egyptian hieroglyphics are more artistic, some of the papyri being really beautiful, though in the eyes of the Chinese nothing is more truly artistic than the various combinations of strokes, lines, and dots that build up the pictured words of their own tongue. They admire these words for their appeal to the eye alone, apart from what they may express; and learning to draw the characters with accuracy and in due proportion filled, until very recently, a large part of the schoolboy's day in far Cathay. The Chinese often decorate their walls with beautifully executed characters, usually quotations from the classics, which are valued at least as much for the beauty of their lines and proportions as for the sentiments they express—something like the samplers of our grandmothers' day.

All languages, except those of the most degraded races, are dual,—spoken and written, the latter being symbolic, the characters through which it is expressed representing sounds (alphabetic or syllabic symbols), or entire words (phonetic, pictographic, or ideographic). The earliest writing was directly symbolic, each character picturing a single word. Such was the early Egyptian and the ancient Mexican (daughters evidently of a common mother, probably of the Atlantidean) and the Chinese. In most languages there is more or less difference between the spoken and the written forms, but in Chinese the difference is so great as really to constitute two distinct languages. So wide is the difference, indeed, that an ordinarily intelligent, but not classically

educated Chinaman would find himself almost as much at sea as a foreigner in trying to penetrate into the meaning of an ancient classic such as the *Tao Teh King*. There is, however, one advantage in the fact of the written word being independent of sound, for it may then serve as a written *lingua franca*, understood by men speaking many different tongues. In China there are a great many so-called dialects, really independent languages, spoken by the inhabitants of the country, yet educated men throughout the Empire can communicate readily by means of the written characters common to all. This is only an extension or universalizing of the symbolism employed to a limited extent in the writing of all the European languages, as seen in the numerals, and in other signs used in mathematics and music, as well as in the marks of punctuation.

Written Chinese is monosyllabic, and every character stands for a single syllable which is a word—or rather in many cases not a single definite word, but an idea. In the European languages the letters are arranged to form words, and words are grouped to express ideas; but in Chinese there is no alphabet, and the characters, many of them at least, are really not words—except as each has a fixed name, differing in each dialect—but are pictures of ideas,—ideograms. This being the case, one can understand that each character can be translated in as many different ways as one can express any idea in words. But this is not the worst. One must find out, to begin with, what idea the writer had in his mind when he drew the character, for often a single character stands for any of several different notions—which one the reader must determine for himself, partly from the context and largely by intuition. We shall see this later when analyzing the title of the *Tao Teh King*.

The Chinese characters are of three kinds: 1. The pictograms, which originally were rude outline drawings of various objects—men, trees, horses, the sun, moon, etc. These pictograms have been so changed in the course of the ages that most of them are wholly unrecognizable for what they are meant to depict, but a comparison with the ancient forms will bring out the resemblances. 2. The phonograms are compound characters, one part of which conveys the meaning, while the other is added merely to indicate the pronunciation. 3. The ideograms are apparently mere collections of lines and strokes conventionally accepted as expressive of ideas, but an analysis of some of the simplest of these will show that the designers displayed much ingenuity in so combining pictures of concrete objects as to express abstract notions. Thus the character for good is a combination of two, standing for woman and child respectively, the thought in the originator's mind perhaps being that the child was good so long as his mother was there. The character for bewitching is a compound of the two characters for woman and winning, and this need not call for prolonged cogitation. Some of the other characters in which the character for woman appears are,

however, less complimentary. Speech is represented by words and the tongue. The idea of sincerity or guilelessness is indicated by the signs for words and perfect; of flattery, by a compound of words and a pitfall. The song of birds is pictured by three mouths in the branches of a tree. Fever is very obviously indicated by disease and fire, and sickness is represented by a bed and a man, which would seem to be more naturally a picture of sleep, but sleep is already appropriately indicated by eyes and hanging down. A character representing one man with two women means high spirits, gaiety, but the combination of two men with one woman stands for annoyance—proving the writer a student of human nature as well as of Theosophy. Three dogs scampering about, mean whirling, spiral. And so on indefinitely. The examples given will illustrate the cleverness and ready wit of those who devised this wonderful system of chirography. These were, we are told in *The Secret Doctrine,* students of Masters who were made to record the oral instruction in symbols of their own choosing, it being forbidden to relate historical or religious events in definite and recognizable words, lest the elementals originally connected with these events be thereby recalled. These symbols, constituting as it were a system of shorthand notes, were examined by the Master and, if correct, were accepted by him.

From this small beginning was created in time the Chinese system of writing, comprising some 30,000 characters. Many of these, however, are obsolete or seldom used, and should anyone contemplate the study of Chinese, he will be encouraged to know that when he can recognize the meaning of 2,500 characters he can read all the writings of Confucius, while Lao Tze's *Tao Teh King* contains a much smaller number of separate characters.

The three words forming the title of the treatise just mentioned, which was the subject of study by the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society a year or so ago, and of which a clarifying interpretation is now in course of publication in the QUARTERLY, afford an interesting example of the symbolism of the Chinese characters and demonstrate the extreme difficulty of translating them into words.

The first character, *tao* is compounded of two simpler characters meaning "to go" and "the head", and the idea, or rather ideas, which it expresses, are contained in these two concepts—thus it means a way or path through which one goes ahead; reason, which is a function of the brain; then a combination of these two, the reasonable or right path; further, a rule or formula, or the way in which a thing is done. It is the character chosen by the translators of the New Testament to express the Word or Logos, and it has been suggested that, if Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* were to be put into Chinese, this character would also enter into the title. Some of the translators of the *Tao Teh King* have called it Reason, others the Way or the Path, and some have dodged the

difficulty by simply calling it Tao and leaving the meaning to the imagination of the reader. Path or Way is undoubtedly the best word to denote the idea of this treatise; we find the same word used toward the end of the first Fragment of the *Voice of the Silence*—"Hast thou not entered Tau, the 'Path' that leads to knowledge—the fourth truth?" The word is here Tibetan, but taken, as many Buddhist terms were, from the Chinese. The early Buddhists in China called themselves *Tao jen,* or men of the path. Also the characters *teh tao,* meaning, to go in spite of obstacles, signify in Chinese Buddhism to follow the path unfalteringly until Nirvana is attained.

The second character, called *teh,* is compounded of three characters meaning the heart, to go, and straight, and is usually translated virtue or goodness, power or quality, vital energy, life principle, or as we might say, *prana.* Goddard says it means virtue such as the Master felt go out of Him when the sick woman touched the hem of His garment.

Finally, the character, *king,* is an interesting one. It is compounded of one character which gives it its pronunciation, and another meaning silk threads, or the warp or lengthwise threads of a weave. It is the common designation of a classical treatise, and is used in a special sense by the Buddhists to denote a *sutra,* the latter, as explained in the translation of the *Yoga Sutras,* meaning a thread—the same indeed as the surgeon's suture.

There is a Chinese tradition that their written language was given to them by Heaven, and it really is difficult to believe that these thousands of wonderfully and logically constructed ideographs could have been evolved by the unaided mind of man. And in truth a treatise such as the *Tao Teh King,* written in these beautiful idea pictures, must be on a higher plane than writings in any of the western idioms, for the latter are apprehended by the reasoning faculty, which is on the plane of the lower manas, while the *Tao Teh King* in its original form can, one must believe, be fully comprehended by intuition alone.

T. L. S.

If men could hide themselves from the eyes of God and from the eyes of the world, there are very few indeed who would do good, and very few who would abstain from evil.—FABER.

HISTORY FROM WITHIN

Charles VII of France

IN the January, 1915, Quarterly there is a wonderful story, "War Seen from Within", signed *Men-Tek-Nis,* a nom-de-plume of Mr. Griscom's. It describes a gathering of disciples of the Lodge, including both those who were in incarnation and those who were not. The Master speaks to them, and in a succession of pictures shows them the ceaseless warfare of the White Lodge against the Black, waged through the centuries for the souls of men. He shows them, too, the restrictions imposed by the moral law they serve. For the White Lodge is circumscribed as the Black is not, and the limitless force of the Lords of Light can be used with safety in human affairs only as men make it possible by self-sacrifice. Free-will cannot be interfered with, nor men pushed about like puppets from above. But when, through right thought, motive, and action, men supply them with force from below, the Masters may use and supplement this force, magnifying it a thousand fold for the good of all mankind.

Hence it is essential that there should be disciples in incarnation. When there is a piece of work to be done, chelas must incarnate, if not to do it, then that it may be done through them. They generate the needed force by self-conquest, self-sacrifice and prayer—most potent of forces. They are, as it were, the ammunition train, and without ammunition battles cannot be fought except at terrible cost. Of course, the Lodge has many other kinds of work to be done by its chelas on earth. The outer campaign must be directed, the guns must be aimed, and men must be led, not driven, into the thickest of the mêlée.

These, at least, are inferences to be drawn from Mr. Griscom's beautiful story. It closes with the Master's soul-stirring appeal for volunteers for his cause, addressed both to those already in incarnation and to "those who will volunteer to go there", to incarnate of their own free will to fight in his great warfare. Think of the chance to offer oneself for such a combat, going forth like a knight of the Round Table of King Arthur to slay some many-headed dragon of evil on earth! Truly romance is of the soul. The source of the Arthurian legend itself, as of all true art and all true beauty, must have been in the inner world. Some saint or chela makes of his life a thing of divine beauty and high adventure, and then, later, a poet in a moment of inspiration catches the reflection of it and records it as an immortal poem. The noble ideals of chivalry could never have found their way into the hearts of men unless they had already been lived by chelas of the Lodge.

History would be absorbingly interesting if we could follow the

exploits of these knights-errant of the Lodge through its pages. They do not seem to wish to be known. Like Launcelot, they ride into the lists with closed visor and plain shields, lest men know them by their device; and, the victory won, ride away unrecognized. We may be sure that the Lodge and its agents have borne their part in every great event, known or unknown, that has left its mark on the destiny of mankind. If the facts of history were not so hopelessly distorted it would be easier to see this, but even then we should remain blind to the greater part of what was being done, for we cannot see with the vision of the Lodge nor judge with its standards. We have been told to "take long views" and to remember always "the reality of spiritual things, the unreality of material things". It is in the development of the soul, both of men and of nations, that the Lodge is interested, and in material things, material civilization, physical life itself, as they help or hinder the growth of the soul.

As students of Theosophy, therefore, we are invited to seek in history not its "economic" but its spiritual interpretation, and, holding the great principles of spiritual life firmly in mind, to read the record of events in their light, remembering always that the "facts", and above all the conclusions of history, are by no means above question. The basic laws of the universe are immutable. When history tells us that in this case at least a grape was plucked from a thistle, we may be sure either that the grape grew elsewhere or that the plant is not a thistle, whatever historians may choose to call it. "By their fruits ye shall know them". So if we ask ourselves what effect this man or this event had on the cause for which the Lodge ceaselessly works, and try to apply what we know of spiritual law, we may catch glimpses of the hand of the Lodge, possibly where we expect it least. Let us try to see history, as well as war, "from within."

Suppose, for instance that we are reading the history of France at the time of Jeanne d'Arc. We read of the insane King, Charles VI, and his immoral, dissolute, German wife, Isabella of Bavaria, who betrayed her own son and sought to sell his kingdom to the English by the treaty of Troyes. France was torn by civil wars and by the revolts of the great, self-seeking nobles, Armagnacs and Burgundians, against the King. Her armies had been beaten for nearly a century, and, on the death of Charles VI and the accession of his son, the greater part of French territory was in the hands of the English, who claimed it all under the Treaty of Troyes, and set vigorously to work completing their conquest. Town after town fell into their hands while the King of France, Charles VII, still uncrowned and unanointed, remained sunk in lethargy and stupor, without an army, a plan or a hope. At length only a few strong places held out against the English, and the death of France as a nation seemed but a question of months. Then came the

miracle of Jeanne d'Arc, sister of her "brothers of Paradise". In a few short months, by the aid and counsel of her comrades in the Lodge, the English were defeated, France saved, the King crowned at Rheims and the tide of English invasion definitely turned back. Then followed her abandonment, betrayal and martyrdom. What kind of a creature was it that sat on the throne of France and lifted no finger to save her?

A picture rises before the eyes: the court-room of her trial, crowded with hostile judges, clerks and soldiers, all equally bent upon her death, because of her loyalty to her King, and eagerly seeking to get some word from her that they could use against that King. And she, a slender girl of nineteen, standing alone, erect in the midst of his bitter foes and hers, fearlessly proclaiming to their faces that he was the noblest knight in Christendom. Perhaps a lie would have saved her life. She never lied. She was the soul of truth, and yet she called him the noblest knight in Christendom. Was it just the exaggeration of her loyalty? She was not given to exaggeration. What did she mean?

History calls Charles VII one of its great enigmas.

Moreton Macdonald in his *History of France* says: "The reign of Charles VII must always be regarded as two reigns—that of Charles asleep and that of Charles awake—that of *Charles Roi de Bourges* and that of *Charles le bien-servi.* It is frequently forgotten by historians that such inconsequences of character are not uncommon in human nature. We are too often inclined to write down a King as a fixed quantity; to do so no doubt simplifies the problem, but it is dangerous to the cause of truth. In Charles's case the change is too complete and too obvious to ignore. To account for it is more difficult. . . It seems, therefore, that we must be content to record the transformation and to examine its results."

All historians are agreed that after the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc, Charles underwent a rare transformation. As if the shock of her death had aroused his soul from sleep, he who had before been so sunk in lethargy as scarcely to raise a hand to save his kingdom, now became one of the great kings of France. Hard-working, statesmanlike, governing his realm himself, yet gathering around him many able advisers and lieutenants, he was called by his contemporaries both Charles the Victorious and Charles the Well-Served. He raised France from the point of extinction, at which she was on his accession to the throne, to a commanding position in Europe. "He is the king of kings", Francis Foscari, Doge of Venice, said of him. "We could not do without him". True, it was not Charles, but Jeanne d'Arc, who saved France from the English; and it was her spirit and self-sacrifice, not his, that aroused both France and her King, and made triumph possible. Yet—and this is a point of great importance to which we shall return later—had it not been for his co-operation, passive and supine though it appear to us, even she could have done nothing. Deep in stupor as he was, there was

still that within him which could see, however dimly and uncertainly, that that radiant spirit came from Heaven, and could make a feeble effort to respond to the message she brought him *de par le Roi du Ciel.* Feeble truly, yet enough. Suppose one of her enemies, Cauchon or Trémouïlle, had been King of France.

At his awakening after her death, he found France freed from imminent peril, but with its capital and much of its territory still in the hands of the English. The power of the King had sunk so low that France was little more than a collection of semi-independent feudatories, jealous of one another, rebellious, turbulent, self-seeking, turning their arms against each other or against their King, as their fancied interests dictated. The treasury was empty, the public finances in complete confusion, justice seemed to have perished, while the entire country was infested by bandits who robbed and tortured at their will. Half the houses in Paris were said to be empty, and grass grew in the streets.

Charles, and the lieutenants he gathered around him, drove the English from France, established a standing army, overcame the rebellious nobles and made France again a united nation. The robbers were put down, the roads made safe, and justice, internal order and tranquillity were re-established. The public finances were put on a sound basis. Methodical, hard-working, able, prudent and courageous, the King put through the military, financial and judicial reforms that laid the foundations for three centuries of greatness in France. With the Papacy and with foreign countries his policy was equally wise and far-sighted, so that he attained to great fame and influence in Europe.

Some interesting opinions, contemporary, or nearly so, are quoted by Guizot:

"He had his days and hours for dealing with all sorts of men, one hour with the clergy, another with the nobles, another with foreigners, another with mechanical folk, armorers, and gunners; and in respect of all these persons he had a full remembrance of their cases and their appointed day. On Monday, Tuesday and Thursday he worked with the chancellor and got through all claims connected with justice. On Wednesday he first of all gave audience to the marshals, captains and men of war. On the same day he held a council of finance, independently of another council which was also held on the same subject every Friday."

"He requickened justice, which had been a long while dead", says a chronicler more friendly to Burgundy than to Charles. "He put an end to the tyrannies and exactions of the men-at-arms, and out of an infinity of murderers and robbers, he formed men of resolution and honest life. He made regular paths in murderous woods and forests, all roads safe, all towns peaceful, all nationalities in his kingdom tranquil. He chastised the evil and honoured the good, and he was sparing of human blood".

And another: "When he was alive, he was a right wise and valiant lord, and he left his kingdom united and in good case as to justice and tranquillity".

This is the man who let Jeanne d'Arc go to her death without the least effort to help her, so far, at least, as history records; the man who prosecuted and despoiled his faithful servant, Jacques Coeur, on the absurd charge of having poisoned Agnes Sorel; and who at the end, starved himself to death through fear that his own son was trying to poison him. What is the explanation? There are, it is true, those who contend that he tried to save Jeanne d'Arc, sought to negotiate for her release, and threatened vengeance if she were harmed. Perhaps it may have been as they say, and the intervening five hundred years may be responsible for the destruction of all but the slightest evidence of his efforts. It is possible, but it does not seem probable. Certainly we have to-day no adequate grounds for believing that he himself did anything at all, though some of his captains, notably Xaintrailles, did plan an expedition of rescue. In any event, his lethargy, stupor and weakness, all through that time, contrast so sharply with the greatness of what he subsequently did for France and the splendid qualities he showed later on, that history is justified in calling him an inexplicable enigma. History cannot explain, but the study of Theosophy may give us light.

Charles's body was inherited from an insane father and an immoral, dissolute mother. When the Ego, the soul, incarnates, it shuts itself within the personality. Its first duty is to obtain control of that personality, to cleanse and purify it so that the light and inspiration of higher planes will not be prevented from reaching the imprisoned soul. We may imagine the personality as responding, in the different parts of its complex nature, to impulses sent along a great number of wires, like a great business of many departments connected with and controlled by telephone from a central office. It is the task of the soul to get each one of these wires into its own hands, and to see that no one else ever sends an order along any one of them. The trouble with most of us is that we have left many loose ends of wire inside us, unconnected and uninsulated, and that these are seized upon by elementals and used by them to transmit their orders, not ours. The poor, bewildered personality at the other end does not know the difference; the order is coming over the right wire, inside "myself", and it obeys it as "my will" from "my" own central station. Most men identify themselves instantly with every passing desire that enters their minds from the psychic world. It never occurs to them that the desire is really not in the least theirs, or that they did not originate it. It requires practice to distinguish the differences in the voices prompting us, and so we are constantly misled by the elementals of vanity and self-will, sloth and sensuality, and the host of others to whom we have given houseroom, and who use these unguarded inner wires to urge their will upon us. Insanity would seem to be the

condition which results when they seize control, not of isolated wires only, but of the central station itself. Perhaps Russia to-day is exemplifying as a nation what happens when an individual goes mad.

A body such as that which Charles inherited, therefore, would have the weakest of connections with the soul within it, and would have innumerable loose and tangled ends of wire, easily grasped by elementals and most difficult to reduce to order. In addition, the immorality of his mother would have spread dense darkness over what should have been the windows for his soul, cutting off the light from higher planes, without which the soul is blind and starved. Surely only a great soul could have broken through such handicaps as his. Perhaps nothing less than the shock of Jeanne d'Arc's death could have reached and roused him. That did reach him. He broke through, sufficiently at least to do the work he came to do. He did it, and let go, the abandoned body dying an insane death.

Can he be blamed for the death of Jeanne d'Arc? How can we judge? If a man leaps to the driver's seat of a runaway team of horses to try to stop them before they reach a group of school children, is he to be blamed if one be run over before he succeeds, even though that one be the flower of them all?

There was, said Jeanne d'Arc, great pity in Heaven for the fair land of France. There are great souls in Heaven who have ever been willing to throw themselves into the breach in the hour of France's need, at whatever cost to themselves. France was the cradle on earth of chivalry, that fairest flowering of the spirit of Christianity itself. Where were her chivalrous sons, the souls that were Charlemagne, Roland, Godfrey de Bouillon, St. Louis, Bernard of Clairvaux, at this time of crisis when the land they loved was at the point of death? They would never have let the soul of Jeanne d'Arc enter incarnation and take the burden of saving France alone; and we may be sure they did not. Many great men, great warrior souls, must have incarnated with her in France at that time, perhaps only to be submerged in the heavy Karma that lay upon the whole nation, but with a fighting chance to overcome it, at least partially, in themselves, and so to be of aid. Dunois, La Hire, de Richemont, Jean d'Aulon and many others come to mind. They helped, each in his own place. Yet the King was the key to the whole situation. Without at least his passive assistance, nothing at all could be done. What way so certain to assure the King's co-operation as to incarnate as the King?

Think of taking on that heredity! Surely the soul that was Charles VII was either very low or very high; low, if that heredity were its own "karma" in the ordinary sense; high, indeed, if it were taken as a voluntary sacrifice to further the Master's cause, to save the land he loved. No one can touch pitch without being defiled. No soul could incarnate in such a personality without the certainty of being deeply stained and

wounded by the reaction from the sins that personality was sure to commit. The best that the soul could hope to acquire would be a doubtful and precarious control, subject to many lapses. Sins are real forces, and leave real wounds in the inner nature that last until they are expiated. Our present faults, weaknesses and blindnesses are but the lasting effects of our past sins. So, perhaps, the soul that was Charles VII may, since that time, have spent more than one incarnation in working itself free from the stains and faults it then acquired. One wonders who he was when he came back. Someone wholly unknown to history? or some saint, or warrior or king who accomplished much good, yet with outstanding faults that lead history to condemn him, as it is sometimes pleased to condemn Napoleon? "Judge not". I wonder what the Members of the Great Lodge think when they see those wounds and remember the glorious fight in which they were received. Their very scars when healed, must turn into the Medal of Honour of the Lodge itself.

Mr. Judge says that those who have gone before, and scaled the summits which we can only glimpse on our horizon, have sent back word that there is no limit, but that beyond there rise ever higher and higher peaks to be surmounted. So, as we study Theosophy, ever higher and higher ideals arise before us. Personal righteousness and purity are splendid things, yet they, and all personal ideals, pale before such utter self-immolation as may come through love of a great cause. What a picture it is! On one side, the evil triumph of the Black Lodge as they looked at France, torn by internal dissensions and jealousies, at the point of extinction, the Karma of the nation's sins giving into their firm possession the body of him who was to be her King and her hope; against this the "great pity in Heaven for the fair land of France", and the determination of the Master, leader and inspirer of forlorn hopes, who ever wrings victory from defeat, that France should be saved. Then the soul that was to be Charles VII, putting aside, perhaps, a hard-won right to remain and serve in the sunlight of that Master's presence, stands out on the brink of incarnation, facing the evil to come, the foulness, perhaps the shameful betrayal of her who was, maybe, his age-long comrade,—foreseeing all this clearly and loathing it with passionate loathing. Then, because he saw the wish in his Master's heart, the plunge into the desperate chance of that incarnation, the fierce, single-handed fight in the dark with the overwhelming powers of evil, to rescue, from within, the personality of the King of France. Again the apparent defeat, the aid from a comrade's sacrifice, and the final victory. What a welcome he must have had when, at last, the fight over, he came home to the Lodge, and heard Jeanne d'Arc say once more: "I dare swear he is the noblest knight in Christendom".

J. F. B. Mitchell.

AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

III.

The New Kingdom (The Empire)

AGAIN the cycle of civilization turns to its completion, and again darkness and disorder sweep over Egypt.

Towards the close of the Middle Kingdom the power of the feudal barons had been effectively broken, and Senusert III and Amenemhat III, the last of the great Kings of the XIIth. Dynasty, had fully regained the traditional supremacy which belonged to the Royal House. But after them there followed a few feeble monarchs, too infirm and irresolute to hold the reins of government, and in the end the Royal Line vanished. Then once more the provincial lords, knowing that there was no longer anything to fear, rose and struggled for power among themselves, but internal dissension only weakened the state, and opened up the country to foreign adventurers. Almost complete historical obscurity now closes in on Egypt, and it was during this time that the invasion of the mysterious people known as the Hyksos, took place. They swarmed into the Delta from Asia, laying the whole country under tribute, making the weak kings of this period their vassals, and ruling the land with a rod of iron from their stronghold, Avaris, in the Delta. Exactly who they were is not known, though there has been much speculation concerning them, and in general it is thought that they were Semitic. Manetho, the native historian of Egypt, who lived three centuries B.C. and to whom we owe the dynastic divisions, calls them Arabians and Phœnicians, popularly they were known as "Asiatics" and "Barbarians." It is still an open question which need not trouble us here; enough that the Egyptians chafed mightily under their despotism and never rested till, after a prolonged and irksome rule, filled with unquestionable barbarities on the part of the invaders, they drove them out. There is a picturesque, though probably highly coloured account, which brought about the final and successful uprising. The Hyksos King, Apophis, apparently wishing to show the "mailed fist", sent to Sekenenra, "Prince of the Southern City" (Thebes), the following preposterous complaint:— a messenger "has come to thee concerning the pool of hippopotami which is in the city (Thebes). For they permit me no sleep; day and night the noise of them is in my ears." As Thebes is situated well over three hundred miles south of Avaris, it is not surprising if the "Prince of the Southern City" considered that Apophis was going a bit too far, and though the account is probably a folk-tale, still, it is the traditional

"last straw"—as well it might have been! The uprising was universal, and the Hyksos were pushed back into Syria from whence they had come. But the influence of this foreign domination had been far-reaching; it had broken sharply into the conservatism, so strongly marked a characteristic of the Egyptian people; it had shown them warfare on a large scale, and it had made them realize that only by complete unity of purpose could they hope to keep their land for themselves. Gradually, out of the confused mass of petty kings and warring nobles, we see the star of a powerful Theban family in the ascendant, and when the curtain of mist and obscurity rises once more, it is to usher in an age of military genius and material splendour which was never surpassed in Egypt,—the time of the New Kingdom, commonly called the Empire.

It would, perhaps, be helpful to conceive of Egyptian history, up to the end of the Empire, as representing three great life-waves, and, keeping this idea in mind, we may thus consider the gigantic sweep of successive civilizations (of the Old Kingdom, Middle Kingdom, and New Kingdom), as the shadowing forth of the three aspects of the Logos,—Wisdom, Intelligence, Activity.

The great XVIIIth. Dynasty, the Dynasty to which Akhnaton belonged, opened with Ahmes I, one of the Theban princes who were making their power felt. Petrie, in speaking of the immediate ancestors of Ahmes, i. e., the last of the kings of the obscure XVIIth. Dynasty, says: "This dynasty then, would seem to have been descended from a part of the Royal Egyptian Line which had taken refuge in the far south to escape from the Hyksos oppression. . . . As the Hyksos power decayed, this southern family fought its way northward again, and so laid the foundation of the XVIIIth. Dynasty." Traditionally, Ahmes was known as the expeller of the Hyksos. Under his energetic rule the less powerful nobles were again suppressed, their lands reverting to the crown, and at last, as in the Old Kingdom, all Egypt became once more the personal estate of the Pharaoh, the government being completely centralized.

The dominating characteristic of this period is military,—Egypt became primarily a military state. We have seen that the struggle with the Hyksos had taught them the elements of aggressive warfare; it had also taught them the necessity of keeping up a strong defensive army at home. They had become past masters in archery, and the Hyksos having introduced the horse into Egypt, chariotry on a comparatively large scale was now for the first time possible. It is hardly to be wondered at that, with a formidable, well equipped army at their disposal, with the bitter memory of life under the domination of the foreigner who had with difficulty been driven back into Syria, the Pharaohs of this dynasty should themselves have dreamed of foreign conquests, perhaps with an element of reprisal in the thought. Aggressive warfare in those days cannot, of course, be considered in the same light as it is today. In the ancient

world a nation was, to a certain extent, only looked upon as such if it had proved itself strong and cohesive enough to preserve its independence against what was considered legitimate attack from the outside. National boundaries were not as a rule clearly defined, and, while there were certainly strong racial divisions, yet even these were more or less fluid; barriers were easily broken down, and races easily merged. This was the more fortunate in many instances, for the result of intercourse, even by means of war, meant not only the exchange of commodities but, what was more important still, the exchange of ideas and thus the spread of civilization. So, in the events which follow, we must, to a certain extent, get away from our modern standard of national ethics, and put ourselves back into ancient times.

Ahmes I, then, began a campaign in Syria almost at once, and successive campaigns, the great feature of the XVIIIth. Dynasty, were continued, without interruption, by his successors, each Pharaoh increasing the conquests of his predecessor, till at last the vast Egyptian Empire extended over most of the then known world.

It is not possible to give, in a short sketch of this sort, more than the merest outline of events. We know more about this new state in Egypt than we do of any previous period, and there is a bewildering mass of historical facts from which to choose.

The commanding position now once more occupied by the Pharaoh, meant an immense responsibility which the rulers of the Middle Kingdom, sharing largely as they did the management of public affairs with the nobles, did not experience, and his duties were now so great that he was obliged more and more to lean upon his Vizier or Prime Minister, and we see this office assuming an increasingly important position. The Vizier was the Pharaoh's right hand man, and as such was expected to be above reproach, which, indeed, was already the standard held for him in the Middle Kingdom, as we have seen. He was regarded by the people as the mouthpiece of justice, their last appeal.

Under the Vizier, distributed all over the land, were hosts of petty officials of the crown, administering local justice and replacing the position formerly occupied by the feudal barons of the Middle Kingdom. These officials were chosen entirely according to *ability* and without any relation to birth or rank. Thus was opened up to the middle classes the possibility of public careers, and not a little pride was felt when men of humble origin suddenly found themselves in positions of considerable authority. One such man writes of himself: "I was one whose family was poor and whose town was small, but the King recognized me. . . . He exalted me more than the royal companions, introducing me among the princes." As a natural consequence government officials became in fact the nobles of the Empire, surrounding the person of the Pharaoh, and as a result, an official class, quite distinct and of itself, sprang up.

The soldier in the newly created army formed a second distinct

class in the social fabric of that day, for his importance rapidly rose owing to the increasing magnitude of the Empire, and the Pharaoh grew more and more dependent on him for the execution of his imperial designs.

There was still a third class, as distinct as the other two. This was the priesthood which had now become a recognized profession. We saw how in the Old Kingdom particularly, the duties of the priest were performed by the local noble and that in the Middle Kingdom the priest easily combined his social with his religious obligations. But there now appeared an organized state religion, with the whole land divided into priestly communities and under one control. The triumph of the Theban family from which Ahmes I sprang, gave the State Temple at Thebes the natural supremacy, its High Priest in consequence becoming the head of the whole sacerdotal organization. Amen, the old local god of Thebes, had been, as we know, transformed during the Middle Kingdom, into Amen-RA, and he now, for the first time, assumed a *national* importance, and the High Priest of Amen-RA became not only officially superior to the much older Priest of RA at Heliopolis, but he also enjoyed an ever increasing political power. Besides being the national religious head he frequently held the important government office of Grand Vizier as well. The Priest of RA, however, though neither claiming nor holding any purely temporal position, never lost his religious significance. Heliopolis continued to be, as it had been from the beginning, not only the centre of culture and learning, but also of pure religious inspiration, and its High Priest was reverently spoken of as "The Great One of Visions."

The temples, particularly those of Amen, were now growing to such magnificence as to have become veritable palaces, the equipments and furniture vying with that of the Pharaoh himself. The pure simplicity of the Old Kingdom had gone forever; the humble offerings to God of grain, wine, oil, honey, offerings prompted by the heart, were quite unthinkable in this splendour-loving age. The temple endowments had reached fabulous sums, owing to the wealth which poured in as a result of foreign conquests, this enabling the Pharaoh to make such gifts to the temples as had never before been dreamed of. This growing wealth demanded for its administration such a multitude of temple officials that these, by mere weight of numbers, counted greatly in the political sense, and became more and more of a force which could not be ignored. But almost inevitable debasement of the old, pure standards was the result.

There is still another very important feature of this period,—the part which women played in public affairs. Already from earliest times the women of the Royal Line had been held in great reverence, and the immemorial law, by which the throne was inherited through the mother and not through the father, alone showed their consequence. Indeed, in Egypt, descent in the female line was jealously preserved in

the Royal Family, until Roman times. Now, in the XVIIIth. Dynasty, and indeed somewhat earlier, women began to have more and more *active* authority, taking an ever-growing share in the external affairs of state. Isolated cases, it is true, had been known before. A princess of the Royal House had been the last ruler of the XIIth. Dynasty, and had held the throne through four troublous years. Much legend and romance had grown up about her, but in reality her influence had not been very far reaching. The Empire, however, is peculiarly marked by a long line of powerful women, whose commanding figures arrest our attention at every turn. Aahotep, the Great Queen of Sequenenra (the last Pharaoh of the obscure XVIIth. Dynasty, and the mother of Ahmes I) headed, we might say, this imposing line. Still more celebrated was her daughter Ahmes-Nefertari (the "Royal Wife" of Ahmes I) through whom, as Petrie says, "descended all the rights of the Royal Line," and who was "adored for many centuries as the great ancestress and foundress." Many records are left us which tell of the reverence which the great women of this time inspired, but lack of space prevents our quoting from them. They can, however, be found in abundance on stelae and the walls of the tombs of this period.

Such then, in broad outline, was the Egyptian state during the XVIIIth. Dynasty, before Akhnaton's day. Ahmes I was followed by a powerful line of Kings most of whom were well able to cope with the growing complexity of the times, but often disputing the throne among themselves. Amenhotep I, Ahmes' successor, continued the campaign in Syria, successfully repulsed an invasion of Lybians, grown bold since the time of the Hyksos, and then concentrated his energies on the south, where the old Nubian Dominion of the Middle Kingdom, from the first to the second cataract, needed a firm hand, but he had no great difficulty in subduing the "wretched Kush" who apparently wilted at the first rumour of his approach. After a reign of some ten years he was followed by Thothmes, the first of that name which has become so celebrated in Egyptian history. Thothmes I was partly a commoner, the son of a woman not of Royal Blood, and as we have just seen, Egypt held firmly to the ancient law of matrilineal descent. It is therefore certain that he owed his succession to the throne to the fact that he had married a princess of the Royal Line, thus establishing his claim. His first use of power was his conquest of the whole of upper Nubia, where the old frontier was pushed back to the fourth cataract, thus adding immense territory to the fast growing Empire. An inscription says of him: "He hath overthrown the chief of the Nubians; the negro is helpless, defenceless in his grasp. He hath united the boundaries of his two sides, there is not a remnant among the curly-haired (an epithet for the negro), who come to attack him. . . . "[1] He also made

[1] Except where otherwise indicated all the quotations which follow are from "Ancient Records."

vast new conquests in Syria, where he left a stone boundary tablet as far north as the Upper Euphrates. The close of his reign, or more properly speaking the retirement of Thothmes I, has remained a complete mystery, which up to the present has never been solved, but when once more we get our fingers on the pulse of public affairs, we find ourselves in the midst of a strange family feud. It chanced that there was at this moment but one indisputable heir to the now vacant throne, but this was a woman, Hatshepsut, the sole living child of Thothmes I and his Royal Queen. Women, we know, had reigned alone before this, but it had seldom happened, and in general there seems to have been a strong prejudice against it. There were also two sons by other, not royal, queens, these later becoming Thothmes II and the great Thothmes III. The first of these reigned for so short a time, and left comparatively so little mark, that he need not here be taken into account. There were now left in the arena two strikingly dominating personalities, warring against each other for the throne, and the events which followed must have been startling even in that world of abrupt surprises. Hatshepsut had grown into a brilliant and accomplished woman. An inscription says of her: "To look upon her was more beautiful than anything, . . . her form was like a god, she did everything as a god, her splendour was like a god; Her Majesty was a maiden beautiful and blooming, . . ." In addition to this she undoubtedly had the stronger claim, considering the law of matrilineal descent (her mother being, as she was, of the old family of Theban princes, the expellers of the Hyksos), and indeed the party of legitimacy was so powerful, that, woman though she was, she had by far the larger popular support. Also there was the fixed belief in her "divine birth"—in other words she was the legitimate child of the Solar God.

But Thothmes was a man of parts, a born leader of men, and though he was a young prince who could have had no particularly sanguine expectations as to his succession (because of his mother's inferior claim), he unmistakably inspired not only confidence but respect wherever he went. During his father's reign he had been placed in the temple of Karnak as a priest with the title of "prophet"—the word prophet, however, in a case of this kind, not implying augury of any sort. But while he may have had no undisputed right to the throne, the strength of *his* claim lay in the fact that he was backed by the full weight of the priesthood of Amen, a thing which no one, in those days of increasing priestly power, dared trifle with.

So these two apparently irreconcilable foes stood and faced each other on the battle field, and the chances of victory were about equal for both. Then, as so often happens, Romance stepped in and cut the Gordian Knot. Prince Thothmes, perhaps with no great difficulty, won the hand of the Princess Hatshepsut, and through his wife he had at last an unquestionable right to the throne. But to make his claim beyond

all doubt, a highly dramatic note was added when on a feast-day in the Temple of Karnak, amid the silent wonder and awe of the assembled people, the priests of Amen, after carrying an image of their god with ceremonial pomp through the vast stone colonnades, declared Thothmes to be, by divine revelation, the chosen one of Amen. A long inscription on the walls of the temple, written by Thothmes after he had become King, describes this scene:—"I was standing in the northern hypostyle, . . . the god made the circuit of the hypostyle on both sides of it, the heart of those who were in front did not comprehend his actions, while searching for my majesty in every place. On recognizing me, lo, he halted. . . . I threw myself on the pavement, I prostrated myself in his presence. He set me before his majesty (i. e. before the god himself); I was stationed at the "Station of the King." (The place in the Holy of Holies where the King stood for the performance of the prescribed state ritual. The placing of Prince Thothmes at this official "Station of the King" is a public recognition of him as King.) . . . "Then they (the priests) revealed before the people the secrets in the hearts of the gods. . . . He (the god) opened for me the doors of heaven, he opened the portals of the horizon of RA.[2] I flew to heaven as a divine hawk, beholding his form in heaven. I adored his majesty. . . . RA himself established me, I was dignified with the diadems which were on his head, his serpent diadem rested upon my forehead. . . ." With a Royal Princess as his wife, and proclaimed King by divine sanction, the last impediments were swept away, and with a suddenness which proclaimed him to be a veritable man of destiny he leaped, as it were, at one bound from the comparatively low estate of a priest of the temple, to the loftiest position in the world of that day.

But Thothmes, having won his right to the throne by marrying the real heir, had no intention of sharing it, and he soon pushed Hatshepsut to one side and took the reins of government into his own strong hands. He graciously permitted her to be called "Great Royal Wife" or "Great King's Wife" but she was allowed no power. The party of legitimacy, however, could not so easily be ignored, and ere long we find Hatshepsut not only co-regent but actually, in her turn, pushing Thothmes himself into the background. She became in fact the Pharaoh, and Thothmes went into temporary retirement.

Hatshepsut is one of the most picturesque figures of ancient times. She must have been a woman of extraordinary energy and resourcefulness, not merely because only a most masterful person could have succeeded in throwing into the shade a man like Thothmes III, but also because, as it was almost unprecedented that a woman should reign alone

[2] In the translation of "Ancient Records" RA is written Re, according to the more modern custom, Amen is written Amon. But in order to keep a uniform method throughout, and to avoid confusion, we have taken the liberty of altering the spelling of these names to the older and more familiar forms which we have used in this series.

in Egypt, she was able to play fast and loose with the strongest national traditions. Indeed, so far did her energy carry her, that the very word "majesty" which in Egyptian is always masculine, was put into the feminine form, and she is often represented in reliefs dressed as Pharaoh in man's attire, on her head the double crown of the North and South, and wearing the false long beard which is exclusively the sign both in hieroglyphs and statuary of Kingship as well as of Divinity. Ineni, the great official who served under so many reigns, speaks of her in glowing terms as: "The bow-rope of the South, the mooring stake of the Southerners, the excellent stern-cable of the Northland is she, the mistress of command, whose plans are excellent, who satisfies the two regions when she speaks"—i.e. Upper and Lower Egypt. But being a woman and living in the age in which she did, active warfare was impossible for her, and her energies were therefore directed more towards the enterprises of peace than towards those of war. She spent much time and thought in rebuilding the semi-ruined temples of her ancestors, monuments which had been demolished during the Hyksos period. On the plain of Thebes she also built her own beautiful temple, dedicated to her god Amen.

Hatshepsut's reign is full of extravagant achievements, the most striking of which was the expedition of a fleet of ships to the distant land of Punt, in order to bring back myrrh trees for the adorning of the front of her temple. This was in obedience to a vision. Hatshepsut tells us that one day, while praying, "at the steps of the Lord of Gods; a command was heard from the Great Throne, an oracle of the god himself, that the ways of Punt should be searched out, that the highways of the myrrh-terraces should be penetrated." The account of this expedition is given us in a series of reliefs and inscriptions, and they are such marvels of execution and so thrilling with life as to be quite unique at this period. The vessels, stout and well manned, went by the Red Sea, and returned laden "very heavily with marvels of the country of Punt; all goodly fragrant woods of God's land, heaps of myrrh-resin, with fresh myrrh trees, with ebony and pure ivory, with green gold of Emu, with cinnamon wood, . . . incense, . . . eye cosmetics, with apes, monkeys, dogs, and with skins of the southern panther, with natives and their children. Never was brought the like of this for any King who has been since the beginning." To celebrate the successful return of the expedition a magnificent festival was given, and the great Queen made a speech from the throne in which she re-affirmed that it was Amen-RA himself who "commanded me to establish for him a Punt in his house, to plant the trees of God's land beside his temple in his garden. . . . It is large for him, he walks abroad in it."

In commemoration of the "first occurrence of the Royal Jubilee" Hatshepsut erected a pair of obelisks, the tallest up to that time ever quarried in Egypt, gorgeously overlaid with gold and silver which must have flashed like fire in the brilliant sunshine. She proclaims: "Hear

ye! I gave for them of the finest electrum, which I had measured by the heket (about five litres), like sacks of grain. My majesty appointed the numbers more than the entire two lands had ever seen. The ignorant like the wise knoweth it." The total measure of precious metal used for this one purpose amounted to nearly twenty bushels.

Maspero says of Hatshepsut: "She keeps nothing of the woman except the habit of speaking of herself in the feminine gender in the inscriptions," and indeed she seemed to have a thoroughly masculine grip of affairs, but, great as she was, she could hardly have held her position so long, especially against a man of her husband's calibre, had she not been entirely sure of the support of her party. With her death that party was dispersed, and Thothmes III stepped out once more from his long obscurity, to take full command of a situation which needed the utmost firmness. For Egypt's power in Asia had not yet been made unquestionably secure, and the Syrian provinces, conquered with so much difficulty by the founders of the dynasty, were but too eager to revolt. Thothmes, burning with impatience to re-open the Syrian campaigns so long suspended, hurled himself at the task with characteristic vigour and intensity. There now begins a long term of aggressive warfare, for Thothmes lived to be a very old man, and died almost literally in harness, as is the wish of all born soldiers. He had had to wait a long time to carry out his dreams of conquest, but at last his dreams were to come true.

At the time of Hatshepsut's death then, the Asiatic provinces were in open rebellion, southern Palestine alone remaining true to Egypt. Kadesh, on the upper Orontes, was the centre of revolt. All Syria was a seething caldron of rebellion, and even the kingdom of the Mitanni, east of the Euphrates, was giving its help to the insurrection. Thothmes had a task before him which would have staggered a less audacious man. He rose, like the great warrior he was, to meet the danger. "The King himself, he led the way of his army, mighty at its head like a flame of fire, the King who wrought with his sword. He went forth, none like him, slaying the barbarians. . . ." We can imagine that the army, so long inactive during Hatshepsut's reign, needed a vigorous pulling together, but so intrepid was Thothmes that one fancies he would have started on his great enterprise with a handful of raw recruits, and have come out victorious by sheer gallantry and contempt of danger.

In the spring of the year, within a twelvemonth of his return to power as sole ruler, the expedition started. The combined enemy had taken up its position on the Plain of Esdraelon, occupying the stronghold of Megiddo, and it was towards this objective that Thothmes advanced. The army got as far as the hill town of Yedem, some fifty miles north of the Dead Sea, but to push on to Megiddo, without making a weary detour, meant taking the army through a narrow defile in the mountains straight over the Ridge of Carmel. This was a perilous

attempt, and Thothmes was advised by his officers to choose one of the safer lines of march. An unbroken account of what follows is found in the *Annals* inscribed on the walls of Karnak, and these are so graphic and throw such a light on the character of the Great King, and give such a picture of the times, that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting liberally. The warnings of his officers against the short cut do not at all daunt an ardent, impatient and energetic man like Thothmes, and refusing to accept offhand their advice, he calls a council of war: "His majesty ordered a consultation with his valiant troops, saying as follows: 'That wretched enemy, the chief of Kadesh, has come and entered into Megiddo; he is there at this moment. He has gathered to himself the chiefs of all the countries which are upon the water of Egypt' " i.e. subject to Egypt. Thothmes, however, not wishing to override the judgment of his officers without weighing the matter well, asks for more detailed information than he has yet received as to the different approaches to Megiddo. He is told of two long and safe roads, but also of the shorter, dangerous mountain pass. The officers apparently see with some dismay that the King is considering the short cut, and they make a vigorous protest: "They spoke in the presence of his majesty, 'How is it that we should go upon this road which threatens to be narrow? While they come to say that the enemy is there waiting, holding the way against the multitude. Will not horse come behind horse, and man behind man likewise? (i.e. they will have to go single file). Shall our advance guard be fighting while our rear guard is yet standing yonder in Aruna, not having fought? There are yet two other roads, ...' " Then with perhaps a tardy shame for their own timidity: " 'Let our victorious Lord proceed upon the road he desires, but cause us not to go by a different road.' " Then Thothmes, with magnificent self-reliance and daring, takes a mighty oath: " 'I swear as RA loves me, as my father Amen favours me, as my nostrils are rejuvenated with satisfying life, my majesty will proceed upon this road of Aruna (the mountain pass). Let him who will among you go upon those roads ye have mentioned, and let him who will among you come in the following of my majesty. Shall they think among those enemies whom RA detests:—does his majesty proceed upon another road? He begins to be fearful of us,—so will they think.' " On hearing these words the officers seem to catch some of the fire of their dauntless leader and King. "They spoke before his majesty: 'May thy father Amen, Lord of Thebes, presider over Karnak, grant thee life. Behold we are the following of thy majesty in every place whither thy majesty proceedeth, as the servant is behind his master.' Then his majesty commanded the entire army to march, . . . upon that road which threatened to be narrow. His majesty swore, saying: 'None shall go forth in the way before my majesty,' . . . He went forth, at the head of his army himself, showing the way by his own footsteps; horse

behind horse, (they have entered the defile) his majesty being at the head of his army." After a sharp skirmish in the mountains, in which the Egyptians, only the vanguard being engaged, come off victorious, the rear guard is found to be in danger, and though Thothmes probably chafed at the necessary delay, he was persuaded by his officers to halt. "His majesty halted outside (i.e. at the far end of the pass), and waited there protecting the rear of his victorious army." Finally the last of the troops come safely through, and the entire army, reunited, pours out into the open. "Behold, when the front had reached the exit upon this road, the shadow had turned, (it was past mid-day) and when his majesty arrived at the south of Megiddo, on the bank of the brook of Kina, the seventh hour was turning, measured by the sun." They then prepare to encamp for the night on open ground: "Then was set up the camp of his majesty, and command was given the whole army, saying: 'Equip yourselves! Prepare your weapons! For we shall advance to fight that wretched foe in the morning.' Therefore the King rested in the royal tent, the affairs of the chiefs were arranged, and the provisions of the attendants. The watch of the army went about saying: 'Steady of heart! Steady of heart! Watchful! Watchful! Watch for life at the tent of the King!' . . . On the day of the feast of the new moon, . . . early in the morning, behold, command was given to the entire army to move. . . . His majesty went forth in a chariot of electrum, arrayed in his weapons of war, like Horus the Smiter, Lord of Power, . . . while his father Amen strengthened his arms. . . . Then his majesty prevailed against them at the head of his army, and when they saw his majesty prevailing against them, they fled headlong into Megiddo in fear, abandoning their horses and their chariots of gold and silver. The people (evidently those inside the town), hauled them up, pulling them by their clothing, into this city; the people of this city having closed it against them. . . . Now if only the army of his majesty had not given their heart to plundering the things of the enemy, they would have captured Megiddo at this moment, when the wretched foe of Kadesh and the wretched foe of this city (the two kings of Kadesh and Megiddo are meant), were hauled up in haste to bring them into this city. The fear of his majesty had entered their hearts, their arms were powerless, his serpent diadem was victorious among them. Then were captured their horses, their chariots of gold and silver were made spoil; their champions lay stretched out like fishes on the ground. . . . The victorious army of his majesty went around counting their portions. The whole army made jubilee, giving praise to Amen for the victory which he had granted to his son this day, giving praise to his majesty, exalting his victories." Then Thothmes orders that the whole town shall be encircled and cut off from all communication with the outside world, and it finally surrenders: "Behold, the chiefs of this country came to render their portions, to do

obeisance to the fame of his majesty, to crave breath for their nostrils, because of the greatness of his power, because of the might of the fame of his majesty." (It is on record that Thothmes treated the vanquished enemy with the utmost clemency). There then follows a long, detailed list of the spoils of war, an account of the gathering of the rich Syrian harvest, and a few minor statements. This ends the account of Thothmes' first great battle and siege, which was only the beginning of seventeen long years of Asiatic campaigning. The rout of the enemy in this first onslaught had been so complete, the combined wealth of the kings of Kadesh and Megiddo, falling into the hands of the Egyptians, had been such a blow, that before long most of Syria was ready to make terms, realizing that a master-hand was now at work to get back the lost provinces. But Thothmes had only begun his dreams of conquest; terms were not what he had come for, he would have complete submission or nothing, and he merely continued his march northward with this object in view. Town after town gave way before him, and still, grimly, he marched north. At last, owing to the lateness of the season, he halted, content for that year with his gains.

He now began the reorganizing of the conquered territory, replacing the faithless kings by ones who were more likely to prove loyal, and, showing himself to be a true statesman, he allowed these princes to rule as they pleased so long as they paid the tribute money regularly. His wisdom did not stop here, however, for, wishing to build up a permanent and sound Empire, he had their eldest sons sent to Thebes to be educated, so that when they, in their turn, became rulers they would already have formed close personal ties with Egypt itself. Thothmes now returned to Thebes, having accomplished all this within the space of six short months. His first act on reaching home was to present three captured towns and a dazzling array of treasures taken from the enemy, to his father Amen: "My majesty presented to him (Amen) gold, silver, lapis-lazuli, malachite, copper, bronze, lead, colours, emery in great quantity, . . ." Also hundreds of slaves, herds of cattle, poultry: "My majesty formed for him flocks of geese to fill the sacred pool, for the offering of every day, . . . I took for him numerous fields, gardens and ploughed lands, of the choicest of the south and north, and made fields in order to offer him clean grain." Thothmes also made "divine offerings of four great obelisks," and he multiplied each and all of the temple offerings to a point never even dreamed of before this time: "as an increase of that which was formerly." This was the beginning of the vast fortune of Amen at Karnak to which we called attention farther back, and which was soon to outgrow the wealth of all other temples.

During the next nineteen years seventeen were spent in Syrian campaigns, and year after year the Empire spread farther north into Naharin, "the land of the two rivers," i. e. the country between the Orontes and

the Euphrates, and stretching up into Asia Minor. After ten years of fighting Thothmes was able to do what no former Pharaoh had accomplished,—he crossed the Euphrates into Mitanni and set up his boundary tablet on the east side, "he set up a tablet east of the water." Indeed, he had already done what none of his forefathers had done before him,—he had met the *united* forces of the Syrian rebels, whereas his fathers had conquered them singly. His fame was now so great that even the King of far-off Babylon wished to be on good terms with the mighty conqueror, and sent him gifts of lapis-lazuli. The Kheta too, a powerful people of Asia Minor (probably the Hittites), sent gifts.

His work was now thoroughly organized. As soon as the spring rains in Syria had ceased, he marched thither and for six months made his strong arm felt in his provinces there, and each year, when he returned from his Syrian campaign, he spent the remaining six months in a tour of inspection of Egypt itself, keeping his provincial officials in wholesome awe of him, preventing them from oppressing his people by illegal taxation, suppressing corruption wherever it reared its head. Nubia also demanded his constant attention. He built and restored temples in thirty different places,[3] and he personally organized the management of the state temple of Amen at Karnak, advising the priests as to the best use of its growing fortune, and exhorting them to be true to the life to which they had dedicated themselves: "Behold, my majesty made . . . every law and every regulation . . . for my father Amen-RA, Lord of Thebes, presider over Karnak." Speaking to the priests he says: "Be ye vigilant concerning your duty, be ye not careless concerning any of your rules; be ye pure, be ye clean concerning divine things, take heed concerning matters of transgression, guard your heart lest your speech . . . (word lost) every man looking to his own steps therein. . . ." Even in his rare moments of relaxation he was busy designing vessels to be used in the temple services. This was apparently one of his hobbies. His Vizier, Rekhmara, a man of much distinction and coming of a long line of state officials, writes of him: "Lo, his majesty knew that which occurred; there was nothing which he

[3] The two obelisks in London and New York are from Heliopolis, and were erected to celebrate one of his jubilees. We should like to take this occasion to explain a statement which was made in an earlier article of this series. This statement was to the effect that of all the temples and monuments dedicated at Heliopolis to the Sun, only one XIIth Dynasty obelisk had been "recovered." But this does not really convey the intended impression, for, as a matter of fact, there are many monuments, inscriptions, etc., from Heliopolis, scattered far and wide, beginning with early, and continuing down to very late times. It would be nearer our intended meaning to say that of all the monuments which are still *in situ*, only one has been recovered,—the XIIth Dynasty obelisk referred to. It is practically certain, however, that many temple remains at Heliopolis, lie buried under the rich alluvial soil which has been for ages deposited in the Delta, making such indispensably fertile ground that no grant for excavating is easily obtained from the Egyptian Government. It looks as though archæology would continue to play a subordinate rôle to agriculture, and that we shall, in consequence, never know what lies just below the surface of the earth, hidden under the waving wheat and the thick, sweet clover.

did not know, . . . he was Thoth in everything, there was no affair which he did not complete."

The people of Thebes had long ago forgotten that their great King had once been a humble priest of Amen. They not only saw the mighty monuments he erected, but they saw, also, the emissaries from far distant lands, who came and went, whispering the story of Egypt's power; they saw stately Phœnician galleys sailing majestically up the Nile laden with cargoes of rich stuffs, precious metals, cunningly wrought, from Cyprus, Crete and the Ægean Islands; fine horses for the Pharaoh's use, and all the yearly tribute sent from the provinces both in the south and the north. The wealth which thus poured into Egypt was beyond anything ever seen before, and well might the people be proud of their King who had done all this.

Thothmes was an old man, probably well over seventy, when the last serious uprising in Naharin took place. One last united effort to throw off the yoke of Egypt was made by the subject princes there, but so swift and severe was their punishment that never again, as long as the great Pharaoh lived, did they dare raise their heads in revolt. For one last time in Asia the old King received in state the tribute sent him by the now thoroughly subdued tributary princes:— "slaves, horses, gold and silver dishes, vases of Keftyew (Crete), genuine lapis-lazuli, sparkling stones, beautiful costly stones of this country, bronze suits of armour, weapons of war, . . ." and then for the last time he returned to Egypt, having left his Asiatic provinces on a firm basis. Twelve years more of life were ahead of him, and these twelve years were devoted to constant activities in Nubia and at home. We are loath to blame him if he looked with some satisfaction on what he had accomplished, but he protests more than once that the records of his deeds are in strict accordance with truth, and that they were performed as an offering to his God: "I swear as RA loves me, as my father Amen favours me, all these things happened in truth. . . . I have not written fiction as that which really happened to my majesty; I have engraved the excellent deeds. . . . My majesty hath done this from desire to put them before my father Amen, as a memorial forever and ever," or again, "I have not uttered exaggeration in order to boast of that which I did, saying, 'I had done something' although my majesty had not done it. I have not done anything against which contradictions might be uttered. I have done this for my father Amen, because he knoweth heaven and he knoweth earth, he seeth the whole earth hourly."

One is tempted to linger long and affectionately over the romantic life and achievements of this great Pharaoh, who was so vivid, so fearless, so real, and only once again, at a later date, did Egypt see anything like his equal in military prowess. He is the first great military hero recorded in history, "the world's first Empire builder," immortal because

of the greatness of his exploits, simple because of the greatness of his soul.

At last at a ripe age, the seasoned old warrior died, after a reign of fifty-four years. "Lo, the King completed his life-time of many years, splendid in valour, in might and in triumph; from year 1 to year 54, third month of the second season, the last day of the month under the majesty of King Menkheperra (one of the throne names of Thothmes III) triumphant. He mounted to heaven, he joined the sun; the divine limbs mingled with him who begat him." During his long reign he had welded together, by sheer force of character, and unlimited energy and statesmanship, the earliest great Empire known in recorded history; an Empire which stretched from northern Syria southwards to the fourth cataract of the Nile. Breasted writes of him: "From the fastnesses of Asia Minor, the marshes of the upper Euphrates, the islands of the sea, the swamps of Babylonia, the distant shores of Lybia, the oases of the Sahara, the terraces of the Somali coast and the upper cataracts of the Nile the princes of his time rendered their tribute to his greatness. . . . The inevitable chastisement of his strong arm was held in awed remembrance by the men of Naharin for three generations. His name was one to conjure with, and centuries after his Empire had crumbled to pieces it was placed on amulets as a word of power."

HETEP EN NETER.

(To be continued)

If we cannot live at once and alone with Him, we may at least live with those who have lived with Him; and find, in our admiring love for their purity, their truth, their goodness, an intercession with His pity on our behalf. To study the lives, to meditate the sorrows, to commune with the thoughts, of the great and holy men and women of this rich world, is a sacred discipline, which deserves at least to rank as the fore-court of the temple of true worship, and may train the tastes, ere we pass the very gate, of heaven. We forfeit the chief source of dignity and sweetness in life, next to the direct communion with God, if we do not seek converse with the greater minds that have left their vestiges on the world.—J. MARTINEAU.

THE DAWNING OF A SOUL

THE Monastery stood by the living spring, at one edge of the marsh. The marsh was somewhat lessened by the meadow land, reclaimed by the untiring toil of the monks. Save for this stray haven of peace, all else savoured of devastation and desolation. Man's fury, or man's sloth, had made the valley unlovely and all but uninhabitable. The stripped granite hills bore little verdure or foliage. All was grey, or grim, or grimy, except where the Monastery farms and gardens bloomed, like some stray but glorious rose, by the side of a dusty trail across a forbidding desert. What if the buildings were small and lacking in comforts. Physical ease was never the goal of Benedict's faithful.

The Abbot was listening to a report from one of the Bailiffs. They were figuring how to make the stores carry over until the harvests were garnered. Through the door shot a dishevelled little figure. The boy's chest was heaving, his breath came in sibilant pants. In a clenched, blackened, little fist something was clasped. "O, Father Abbot," he gasped, "please, please, may I see your Reverence for just a minute?"

The ascetic, aristocratic face was illumined with a smile of gracious welcome. The Bailiff looked shocked. Yet the stern, wise enforcer of the Founder's rigorous Rule ignored the seeming breach of etiquette and canon. A quick glance towards the Bailiff sent that worthy man out of the room, and the Abbot turned to the boy, with eyes that gently asked a question, though no sound came from the chiselled lips.

"O pardon me, Father Abbot, but I must go back with Brother Hob, right off, and if I did not see you now, I won't see you for a long, long time." Then the boy's pent-up emotion threatened to overwhelm him. He stopped to fight back the flooding tears. As he struggled for self-mastery the Abbot waited in a silence and a stillness that were sympathy embodied.

Right well did the Abbot know the boy—even though the boy might easily have believed that his Superior had hardly had the time or the energy to spare, to keep him in mind. To one not a child it would have been unbelievable that, with his record, he could still serenely trust that the Abbot held him in his heart. The whole Monastery knew him. His crude, untamed spirits had disturbed many a contemplation. His uncontrolled fidgets and rude postures had often put a discordant note into the Oratory Services. Work had been hampered by his sloth or his thoughtlessness. Justly had he been called the stray sheep of the flock. He had fastened himself upon Father Leo, when that saintly monk (may God rest his soul) had been off, down the Valley, on the Monastery's affairs. Few knew that, when even Father Leo's miraculous

patience showed stress, the Abbot himself would intervene to save the lad from earned expulsion. Yet the time came when the Head, as well as Father Leo, were forced to conclude that so unbroken a colt could not be kept in the home paddock. Hence Egbert, called "Little Brother Ego" by some of the monks, who sensed that his faults were rooted in his thorough self-absorption and its follower—self-indulgence, had been sent to work with the lay-Brothers in the outlying quarry, where his daily labour was in its kitchen garden.

It is to be supposed that some such review passed through the Abbot's mind, while he waited in gracious dignity for his small suppliant to begin. Well may it be called a supposition, any speculation as to what was in the Abbot's thoughts! For no man, be he monk or layman, would dare to say with surety that he reads a mind so attuned to high and holy thinking. It were enough indeed to seek to fathom the wisdom within the spoken word, and to strive to follow therefrom.

The boy spoke: "You know, Father Abbot, how my dear Father Leo"—the shrill voice broke—"how my dear Father Leo wanted me to be a good gardener for our Lord and raise things for the quarry kitchen? Come last springtide, just about when St. Michael took him to our Lord" (here tears suffused his eyes) "I pledged holy St. Benedict I would be a good boy—for Father Leo's sake. And, when he went, I prayed I could have something to show, before his day came back again. It is to-day—as Father Abbot knows?" The Abbot bowed his head, with the courtier's grace he had never lost.

"I got afraid I could not do it. But I kept up praying for a miracle to happen. You know, Father Abbot, you told us miracles do happen, if we have faith?" Again that courtly bow of acquiescence. "I prayed, and I prayed, and I prayed, and—look!—it has happened!" The clenched fist unclasping, a blackened hand was thrust forth, palm uppermost. On its moist and dirt-encrusted surface lay a battered, bedraggled, limp little flower. "I raised it all by myself. It bloomed yesterday and I begged Brother Austin to let me bring it to you. The turnips have died, but Father Abbot, I have really and truly raised something, all by myself—except for the help of our Lord, and great St. Michael, and holy St. Benedict, and all the holy saints. Now I am going to be a real gardener, and then I may come back here—and to you, Father Abbot?"

Beauty of love was in the Abbot's face, as he leaned over, with eyes kindling, to inspect the proof of the miracle.

"This would please dear Father Leo," he said. "But, my son, you must not forget that to be a real gardener, and so to earn your way back here, where we want you to be, you must raise the turnips as well."

"I am going to, Father Abbot, now that I know how much our Lord helps."

"Does my son really wish to succeed?" In exultation over the

Abbot's love for him, forgetting due reverence, the boy nodded an affirmative reply.

"Then, Egbert, you must learn to do all the little things that you are told to do, and to do them well. Each one of those little things counts. Every one of the little things must be done. The little things must be done out of the garden, as well as in it. For example: does my son ever stop to remember that letting his face get so dirty will help to let the weeds crowd his garden? and that my son does not wish, I know."

The dirt-laden hand shot to the wet face, increasing the disaster thereon.

The Abbot continued: "Will you not stay for Recreation, so the House may know of your success? I give leave."

"Thank you, Father Abbot, thank you," stammered the boy; then added, anxiously "but ought I to? I told Brother Austin I would go back on the first wain that is just leaving, but I could take the second, at sundown, if your Reverence says I may?"

"You are right, my son, to think that you should do as you were told, no matter what tempts you. That is true obedience, and would please Father Leo as much as your flower. So, go; and may the blessings of the Master and of St. Benedict be upon you."

With an awkward genuflexion, beneath the uplifted hand, the boy backed to the doorway. The threshold crossed, he rushed forth, passing the still scandalized porter, by whom he had so recently darted, to hurl himself upon the slow-moving ox-cart, starting off for the hills and the quarry.

As he lay on the straw, rocked by the roll of the rumbling wain, ignoring, boy-fashion, its lurchings and joltings, Egbert dwelt in ecstasy upon the interview. How pleased Father Abbot had been! How happy he had made him! How happy it would make Father Leo. Tears came into his eyes once more, as he offered a prayer for the repose of the soul of that loving and beloved Superior. As Egbert thought of Father Leo he began to stop thinking of himself. Father Leo had taught him that thoughts are things—Real Things. To a boy's vivid fancy this had come to be real. He grew to know that Thought-things came to him. The Thought-things that wanted to help him he called his "Visitors." The Thought-things that led him wrong, Father Leo had called "Imps of Satan"; he had warned the boy that they might seem the better and the kindlier. He had tried to teach the child that he was in very truth "a child of God". He had begged Egbert not to let the Devil abduct him, to bring him up as the Devil's slave. He had told Egbert that the choice lay with him, as did the choice of which Thought-things should companion him.

All this Egbert knew. He knew too, that his body and his mind were his enemies—helpers of the Imps of Satan. Yet it was so often

hard to realize that what hurt his body, or his mind, or his pride, really did not hurt him, but often helped and protected him. The hurt was so vivid he would forget who was hurt. So it was that he, or whatever it was that then felt that it was he, would fear the coming of the "Visitors", when they brought reproof, just as he feared the Fathers and the Brothers when caught in outer wrong-doing. He would pray for help against the friendly Imps and that he might learn to welcome the more austere Visitors, though still he feared them—became uncomfortable when they approached his mind.

"Visitors" now began coming towards Egbert's mind, as he lay out-stretched on the straw. This, as customary, made him uneasy. He sat up. Often, at the quarry, he would seek refuge from the Visitors by physical activities. These activities were usually unplanned, impulsive, ill-considered. They sometimes got him into trouble. But even trouble might prove a relief from the pressure of the Visitors,—relief from what his elders might have described as the "gnawing tooth of conscience."

Egbert sat up. He kept still for a moment. He deliberately thought hard, and with love, of the Abbot and of Father Leo. Then his glance began to roam out over the open sides and end of the wain. Automatically he was calculating where to drop off, that he might run, run, run, until his tired body would still his working brain and close the doors of his mind to the Visitors. But it was as if he heard Father Leo's, "Keep still! Think it out!" once more. The memory that he really did wish to please the Abbot came over him like a power. He took up a less-besmirched corner of his tunic and scrubbed his face. Then, and it was for the first time in his life, he turned in his mind and, so-to-speak, went forward to meet his Visitors.

The thought that first came towards him suggested to Egbert a kindly steadying Presence, that somehow seemed to say without using words or sounds:—"You know you really do like us. You know we are friends, and servants of Father Leo, and the Father Abbot, and that we only want to help you. You know that you really want to be what they want you to be. Let us help you. You know that you can trust us, because we want you to do what they want you to do. You can tell us from the Imps, because they want you to do what Father Leo and the Father Abbot do not want you to do. You know that we are really your friends. Let us help you. Father Abbot loves you. You know that. You know that St. Benedict loves him. You know that the Founder and our Lord heard Father Abbot bless you in Their name. Nothing can hurt you unless you want to let it hurt you."

The boy's body was still and erect. In his heart a silent plea formed —"Help me to please our Lord and Father Abbot."

A second Visitor approached his mind. "Do not be afraid. Fight with the bright sword of obedience. But to fight, you must know when and how to use that sword. Turn from the sloth of disobedience.

Think where you have been wrong, or what you have done that is wrong, however little, or however right it may seem. Make it look the wrong that you know it to be. Do not fear to hunt down your faults. Drag them out where you can see them. The Devils fear the light of the truth. They hide in the darkness. They hide behind excuses. Drag them out. You can take hold of them anywhere that you see a fault. Pull them out wherever you can take hold of them. As Father Leo used to say: 'Keep still! Think it out!' "

Egbert sat still. He thought as he had never thought before. He went back over his interview with the Father Abbot. He had broken the rules, when he darted past the porter. "But I was in a hurry to tell Father Abbot what would please him," he began in self-defence. The unseen second Visitor seemed to wave a bright, though invisible, sword. In silence Egbert's heart answered: "Yes, it would have pleased him more had I remembered the rules."

Then an Imp forced his way in, just to whisper: "But the Father Abbot knew what you meant, and he told you that your face was dirty." Hands clenched themselves. The boy's eyes suffused as his sense of mortification arose. Again it seemed as if the bright sword flashed. The Imp was gone. "But the Abbot does love me. The Abbot does want to help me. Why did he say that? Please, good Visitor, help me!" There was a darkness of silence that seemed overwhelming. Only the picture of the bright, flashing sword remained. Then, in memory, emerged the voices of Father Leo, then of the Father Abbot, then of all the Fathers who had striven to teach him. They seemed to sound together, like an orison in Choir: "You know. You do know. You need no more help. Use what you know."

A boyish hand struck out and down, in sudden determination. "I do know," Egbert said aloud, and then talked on in outer silence. "The Abbot wants to fit me to please our Lord and St. Benedict, as well as himself. That means that I ought to want my face to be clean and to do every one of the little things. Why! They are like the stones from the quarry. Each one is needed to build the church. If Brother Austin forgot one stone the church would not be right. I cannot be right unless I do every little thing."

Then the boy laughed out; so merrily that the stolid oxen quickened, and the plodding Brother with the goad-stick looked back in surprise. "Why, good Visitor," Egbert thought, "you are right. You are right. I am a quarryman building a church. Weeding in my garden; saying the offices; keeping the hours; doing my lessons; observing silence; obeying my Superiors; thinking of others;—these all are stones that I can cut in my own quarry. And I won't have to wait until I am big and strong. I can go aquarrying right now—all by myself."

Then a third Visitor seemed to come, unformed to the eye of the mind, yet a Presence of light and grace: "Not all by yourself," it said.

"You can do nothing by yourself. You can only work in your quarry if you will let our dear Lord be your Master Quarryman."

Blankness swept over the boy. Then came fear, as if an Imp had struggled in. "But our Lord is so big, so great, so busy. He won't have time." The Imp was gaining form, when the third Visitor pressed in: "The Father Abbot is big and great and busy—does he not love you? May he do more than the Master whom he serves and loves? The Abbot trusts our Lord to take care of him and the Monastery. Wont our Lord love and help a child of his Abbot?"

Back into Egbert's memory swept all he had heard from the Fathers, of our Lord, and His life, and His love, and His Passion. Soon all the memories were of the Passion. A wave of sympathy for Him and His loneliness swept over the boy like a flame. "Would He really like it, if I tried to do my little things for Him?"

The third Visitor gave no answer, but once again the boy seemed to hear, though there was no sound: "Keep still! Think it out!" Conviction came, displacing doubt. The boy turned up his face to the sky: "Dear, dear Lord," he prayed, "please, please help me to do my little things for Thee." Then to the third Visitor he gave himself and all his consciousness. Nothing took shape or form, but he felt he shared her love for her Master; shared her agony to give Him pleasure. It was joy. It was pain. It was peace.

So complete was the union in this pure and holy devotion that the boy forgot all else. He did not know when he fell back, asleep. He hardly knew when the lay-Brother waked him. He tried to bring the loveliness back. All that remained was the sense of peace; a state of quietude. The best he could do, in terms of memory, was to recall the second Visitor. Yet the help of the third Visitor seemed, somehow, to remain. He felt that he wanted to use the offered sword of obedience. "It is the little things that count." Then—"Brother Hob," Egbert cried, as he sprang down from the wain, "I will put the oxen in their byre, and get their feed and water."

The lay-Brother stood, alert for action, suspicious by experience, while the boy drove off the cattle, freed from the wain. Any moment he expected to see a little figure shoot into the darkness, with mischievous laughter, while the steers blundered off, astray. But, no—the procession went on straight to the byre. And soon the creaking of the well sweep was heard; the splashing of pouring water; and the shuffling of staggering small feet.

The lay-Brother moved on towards the Refectory, murmuring, as he crossed himself: "They do say as how the good Lord still works His miracles."

Brother Scribus.

TAO=TEH=KING

An Interpretation of Lao Tse's Book of the Way and of Righteousness.

V.

36. *That which contracts has surely expanded.*
That which grows weak has surely been strong.
That which fades has surely been bright.
That which grows poor has surely been endowed with gifts.
This is both hidden and revealed.
The gentle triumphs over the hard; the weak triumphs over the strong.
The fish should not leave the depths; the strong arm of the kingdom should not be shown to the people.

THE sense seems to be exactly that of the proverb, "What goes up must come down". It is a contrast between the world of the Eternal and the external world of the "pairs of opposites", where all things change and endure not; where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

As to what follows, it is, say the commentators, a doctrine hidden from the foolish, but revealed to the wise. The Way, which is gentle, triumphs over that which is hard; the Way, which seems weak, triumphs over the strong.

Then comes a quaint conceit of Celestial humour: "While it is in the soft element, water, the fish is safe; on the hard element, earth, it comes to grief. In the same way, the Master governs without the display of external force."

37. *The Way follows non-action, yet accomplishes all things.*
If kings and princes follow the Way, all beings will turn to righteousness.
If, after they have turned, they wish again to go astray, I shall hold them back through that simple Being which is without name.
The simple Being which has no name should not even be desired.
The absence of desire brings peace.
Then the kingdom becomes righteous of itself.

As was earlier pointed out, this Chinese teaching of non-action (wu wei) is exactly the doctrine of the *Bhagavad Gita:* "Who works, putting all works on the Eternal, giving up attachment, is not stained by sin, as the lotus leaf by water. . . . He who is united, giving up the

fruit of works, wins perfect peace; the ununited, attached to the fruit of his works, is bound by the force of his desire" (V, 10, 12).

The Chinese commentator works the matter out methodically. Long after the people have turned toward righteousness, he says, affections and desires will begin to stir again in the bottom of their hearts, and virtue will wane. But the holy man in good time perceives this grave defect and checks it in its first beginnings. With the help of that which is simple and unnamed, the Way of the Spirit, and through detachment, he checks the first stirrings of passion. But if one should seek the Way with desire, this is still desire; therefore the Way must not be sought with desire. When the Way is no longer sought with desire, perfect quietude of heart is attained, and when desire has ceased in the heart, righteousness comes of itself. When freedom from desire has spread throughout the kingdom, the kingdom becomes righteous of itself.

Or, to give the same thought a Western turn: We must seek God for God's own sake, not for His gifts.

Or we may cite the words attributed to a Master: "Is there none who will serve me gratis?"

38. *Those who have the highest righteousness do not consider that they are righteous; therefore they are righteous.*

Those of lesser righteousness never forget that they are righteous; this is why they are not truly righteous.

Those who have the highest righteousness act righteously without thinking of righteousness.

The men of lesser righteousness are consciously righteous.

Those who have supreme humanity act rightly without thinking of humanity.

Those who weigh human rights practise them self-consciously.

Those who follow formalism practise it, and the people do not respond; then they use force to make formalism effective.

This is why men become self-consciously righteous after they have lost the Way; they become self-consciously humane after they have lost righteousness; they concern themselves with the rights of man after they have ceased to be humane; they become formalists after they have lost the sense of the rights of man.

Formalism is only the outer bark of uprightness and sincerity; it is the beginning of disorder.

False wisdom is but the barren flower of the Way and the principle of ignorance.

Therefore the great man cleaves to the substance and ignores mere surfaces.

He honours the fruit and leaves the barren flower.
Therefore he takes the one and rejects the other.

We have here a descending scale: The Way (Tao); self-conscious righteousness; what we may call humanitarianism; concern over the rights of man; and a lifeless formalism. But, at the distance of twenty-five centuries, it is not easy to catch the exact shades of Lao Tse's meaning.

To begin with the first sentence: "Those who have the highest righteousness do not consider that they are righteous": we may cite, as a parallel: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven"; or that other saying, with its fine irony: "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." Or we may quote the saying that there is nothing more contemptible than self-conscious heroism.

One of the Chinese commentators has this to say of the closing sentences of this section: "The holy man penetrates all beings by the aid of a marvellous intuition. The true and the false, good and evil, shine in his vision as in a mirror. Nothing escapes his perspicacity. Common men see nothing but what is before their eyes, and hear nothing but what reaches their ears, and think nothing that is beyond their minds. They walk as blind men in the midst of beings; they use their faculties to gain knowledge, and only by chance do they catch gleams of light. They believe that they understand, and do not see that they are going toward the depth of ignorance. They rejoice when they have won what is lowest and vilest in the world, and they lose sight of what is lofty and sublime. They seek after surfaces and neglect realities; they gather the flower and throw away the fruit. Only the great man rejects the flower for the fruit."

Editors generally mark this as the first section of the second part of the *Tao-teh-king;* and, as the word "teh", which we have translated "righteousness", occurs ten times in this section, giving the keynote of the second half of the book, it is thought that the general title means the Book of Tao and of Teh; that is, the book, the first half of which is concerned with Tao, the second half with Teh.

39. *These are the things which have gained Unity.*
Heaven is pure because it has gained Unity.
Earth is still because it has gained Unity.
The spirits of men are wise because they have gained Unity.
The valleys are filled because they have gained Unity.
The myriad beings are born because they have gained Unity.

Princes and kings are the standard of the world because they have gained Unity.

Such is the fruit of Unity.

If Heaven lost its purity, it would dissolve.

If Earth lost its stillness, it would crumble.

If the spirits of men lost their wisdom, they would cease to be.

If the valleys were not filled, they would dry up.

If the myriad beings were not born, they would come to nothingness.

If princes and kings grew proud of their high station, and ceased to be standards, they would be overthrown.

Therefore nobles remember their common humanity; men of high station remember the lowliness of their beginning.

Therefore princes and kings call themselves orphans, lowly, meek.

Do they not show by this that they remember their common humanity? And they are right!

This is why, if you take a wagon to pieces, you no longer have a wagon.

The wise man seeks no extrinsic value as precious jade, nor would he be despised as a worthless stone.

The Chinese commentator quoted, says: "Unity is the Way (the Logos). From the Way, all beings have received that which constitutes their nature. Men see beings and forget the Way. They are content to know that Heaven is pure, that Earth is still, that spirits are endowed with intelligence, that valleys may be filled, that myriad beings are born, that princes and kings are standards for mankind. But they forget that it is from the Way that all these qualities are drawn. The greatness of Heaven and Earth, the nobility of princes and kings, is the Unity which has brought them into being. But what is this Unity? You look for it and cannot see it; you wish to touch it and cannot lay hands on it. It is clear that it is the most subtle thing in the world."

If we remember that "the Kingdom" means also the kingdom of heaven, we may believe that princes and kings mean disciples and their Masters, who are in truth the standards of mankind, full of humility, and, therefore, thinking of themselves as meek and lowly of heart.

The cryptic sentence about the wagon is thus explained by a Chinese commentary: "With a multitude of materials you make a wagon. Wagon is the collective name of the different materials of which a wagon is made. If you count them one by one, if you take the wagon to pieces, you have nave, wheels, spokes, axle, pole and so on, and if you give these different parts their names, the name wagon disappears; there is no longer a wagon. In the same way, the unity of the people brings

the prince or king into being. If you take the people away, the ruler disappears. Therefore princes and kings should be lowly in their honours; they should be simple and humble, like the Way."

40. *The return to the unmanifest causes the movement of the Way.*
Weakness is the method of the Way.
All things in the world are born from the manifest (Logos); the manifest is born from the unmanifest.

One might write a treatise on these three sentences. It is better, perhaps, to suggest certain clues to their meaning.

It is said, for example, that "the whole personality must be dissolved", in order that the real individuality may be born. In this sense, the "return" causes the forward movement.

To carry the same thought to its conclusion, he who would become a Master goes back into the hidden depths of Being, in order that he may later come forth to work.

As commentary on the second sentence, we may take the phrases of Saint Paul: "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power"; "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness"; and even the mysterious saying: "For though he was crucified through weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God."

41. *When those of the highest order of learning hear the Way declared, they follow it with zeal.*
When those of the second order of learning have heard the Way declared, they now follow it, now lose it.
When those of the lowest order of learning have heard the Way declared, they mock at it. If they did not mock at it, it would not deserve to be called the Way.
Therefore those of old said:
He who has the understanding of the Way, seems hidden in darkness.
He who has gone far along the Way, seems backward.
He who has ascended the Way, seems of low estate.
The man of high virtue is like the valley.
The man of perfect purity is as though despised.
The man of infinite worth seems full of weakness.
The man of true virtue appears inert.
The man who is simple and true seems low and degraded.
It is a square so great that its corners cannot be seen. It is a vessel so great that it seems uncompleted. It is a voice so great that its sound is imperceptible. It is an image so great that its shape is not perceived.
The Way is hidden, so that none can name it.
It lends its aid and leads all beings to perfection.

A Chinese commentator says: "Those of the highest order of learning understand both what is hidden and what shines forth in the Way; they penetrate beyond the limits of the body. This is why, as soon as they hear the Way declared, they put their faith in it and follow it with zeal. Those of the second order of learning are on the border between the hidden and that which shines forth; between what is hidden from the senses, and what the senses perceive. They stand between the Way and the material world. Therefore, when they have heard the Way declared, they stand half in faith and half in doubt. This is why they now follow the Way, and now lose it. Those of the lowest order of learning see what shines forth, what is perceived by the senses, but not what is hidden. They remain wrapped in matter. Therefore, when they have heard the Way declared, they mock at it."

Another commentator adds: "The Way is hidden, deep, inscrutable. Those of the lowest order of learning mock at it because they seek it with their senses and cannot find it. If they could reach it, if they could grasp it in its sublimity with their senses, they would not mock at it; but, becoming accessible to their gross vision, it would lose all its grandeur, and would no longer deserve to be called the Way."

Concerning the dozen axioms quoted from those of old, the commentators say: "The ordinary man uses craft, boasting of it and thinking himself able. The saint has light, but lets it not shine outwardly, nor does he use craft. The ordinary man boasts and pushes himself forward insatiably. The saint dwells in humility, full of the sense of his own abjection and unworthiness. The ordinary man exalts himself. The saint unites himself in heart to the Way. The ordinary man has a narrow soul, which could not hold an atom. The saint holds in his heart the heavens and the earth. The ordinary man is inwardly full of sins and uncleanness; he decks himself outwardly, to appear pure and spotless. The saint is upright and simple, he is pure and white as snow. His righteousness is untarnished by the dust of the world; therefore he is able to bear shame and suffer ignominy. The ordinary man boasts of his least virtue. He wishes to be paid for each of his good acts. The saint sends forth his righteousness and his benefits over all beings, taking no credit to himself for it. Therefore he appears to lack righteousness."

42. *The Way produced the One; the One produced the Two; the Two produced the Three; the Three produced all beings.*

All beings flee from stillness and seek movement.

An immaterial Breath forms harmony.

Men hate to be orphans, lowly and meek; yet the kings so describe themselves.

Therefore, among beings some are exalted because they abase themselves; others are abased because they exalt themselves.

I teach what men teach.

The violent and unbending do not meet a natural death.
I shall take their example as the basis of my teachings.

The meaning of the first sentence would seem to be: The Unmanifest produced the Manifest; the Manifest has two aspects, the masculine and feminine Logos. These two produced the Great Breath of manifestation, thus constituting a triad. The Chinese commentaries are in harmony with this interpretation. The Great Breath is also harmony, because it is the universal law of Karma, which "ordains all things wisely through perpetual ages."

The teaching that "whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted," needs little comment. He who humbles his personal will before the Divine Will, becomes one with that Divine Will and, therefore, invincible; but he who asserts his personal, rebellious will, is brought low by the Divine Will, in order that he may learn humility. The kings are those rulers of the heavenly kingdom who are "meek and lowly in heart," knowing that the Divine Will is all in all.

The next phrase, "I teach what men teach," has divided the commentators; it may be simply the introduction to the next sentence: "The violent and unbending do not meet a natural death"; their fate teaches the need of humility; this I also teach. This would accord well with the following sentence: "I shall take their example as the basis of my teachings."

43. *The softest things in the world overcome the hardest things in the world.*

The Unmanifest passes through things impenetrable. From this I know that non-action (detachment) is useful.

In the world there are few who know how to teach without words, and to draw profit from non-action.

"The Way is bodiless," says a Chinese commentator, "therefore it can penetrate minds and hearts and the multitude of beings."

Another commentary says: "He who acts actively may fail and lose the merit which he seeks; he who acts without acting gains limitless success. In this way Heaven and Earth act; in this way men and beings spring up." It is exactly the teaching of the *Bhagavad Gita* concerning detachment.

The same wise Celestial goes on to say: "The voice which expresses itself in sounds cannot be heard even for a hundred miles; the Voice which is soundless penetrates beyond Heaven, and moves the kingdom. The words of men are not understood by other races of men; but at the Word of the Being which speaks not, the two principles, masculine and feminine, send forth their fructifying powers, and Heaven and Earth join to bring forth beings. Now the Way and Righteousness do not act,

yet Heaven and Earth give beings their entire development. Heaven and Earth do not speak, but the four seasons follow their courses."

This is not only the substance of the Logos doctrine, but the wording also.

44. *Which is nearer to us, our renown or our own being?*
Which is dearer, our own being or riches?
Which is the greater misfortune, to gain wealth, or to lose it?
Therefore he who has limitless desires is exposed to limitless misfortunes.
He who lays up rich treasures, inevitably suffers great losses.
He who suffices for himself dreads no dishonour.
He who holds himself in check risks no falls.
Such a one endures.

The commentator says, in his dry way: "Putting aside questions, this means that our own being is nearer to us than renown, dearer to us than riches; that it is a greater misfortune to gain wealth than to lose it."

Another commentator says: "He who possesses righteousness knows that the fairest nobility dwells in him, therefore he expects nothing from renown. He knows that the most precious treasure abides in him, and therefore expects nothing from what wealth procures. This is why he can hold himself in check, and does not fall. Since he is exposed neither to dishonour nor to danger, he endures."

This is once again the teaching of the goodly pearl, the hidden treasure, which is the divine life hidden in the heart within:

45. *The holy man is nobly perfect, yet he appears full of imperfections; his riches are not consumed.*
He is nobly filled, yet he appears empty; his riches waste not away.
He is nobly upright, yet he appears faulty.
He is nobly discerning, yet he appears simple.
He is nobly eloquent, yet he appears to stammer.
Movement overcomes cold, but quietness overcomes heat. The pure and still become the model of the universe.

"The prince," says the commentator, "who possesses the perfection of the Way and of Righteousness, conceals his glory and hides the praises he receives. The prince who possesses the fullness of the Way and of Righteousness appears empty; that is, he is full of honours, and yet dares not to exalt himself; he is rich, and dares not yield to luxury and indulgence." The prince is the disciple of the "kings."

Concerning the last sentence, a commentator has this to say: "When a man becomes pure, still, detached, though he seek not to triumph over beings, no being can resist him. Therefore Lao Tse says that the pure and still become the model of the universe."

46. *When the Way ruled the world, the horses were sent to till the fields.*

When the Way no longer rules, war horses are bred on the frontier.
There is no greater crime than to yield to desires.
There is no greater ill than not to be self-sufficing.
There is no greater loss than the lust of possessions.
He who is self-sufficing is ever content with his fate.

The commentators tend to take the simile of the horses literally, in a sense inclined toward Chinese pacifism. But Lao Tse so constantly approaches the thought and even the phrases of the Upanishads, drawing, it would seem, from the same perennial springs which inspired the Upanishads, that we are justified in holding that in this instance also he is speaking not in the spirit of pacifism but in the spirit of the hidden wisdom, using the symbols which are called the Mystery language.

If this be so, then we may compare the sentences concerning the horses with a passage in *Katha Upanishad:* "Know the Higher Self as the lord of the chariot, and the body as the chariot; know the soul as the charioteer, and the mind and emotional nature as the reins. They say that the powers of perception and action are the horses, and that objective things are the roadways for these."

To apply this directly to our text: When we are under the rule of the Way, the Logos, the powers till the inner fields of our hearts and minds; the inner senses, the inner powers of action, come into activity; but when the Way does not rule, the powers are active only on the frontier, the outer fringe of our natures.

In the phrase, "self-sufficing," it should be remembered that we are speaking of the Higher Self, concerning which one of the Upanishads says: "This is the mighty Soul unborn, who is consciousness among the life-powers. This is the heaven in the heart within, where dwells the ruler of all, master of all, lord of all. He is lord of all, overlord of beings, shepherd of beings. He is the bridge that holds the worlds apart, lest they should flow together. This is he whom the followers of the Eternal seek to know through their scriptures, sacrifices, gifts and penances, through ceasing from evil toward others. He who knows this becomes a sage. This is the goal in search of which pilgrims go forth on pilgrimages." We are the pilgrims, pilgrims of eternity, and manifested life is the pilgrimage.

47. *Without leaving my house, I know the universe; without looking through my window, I discover the ways of Heaven.*

The farther one goes afield, the less he learns.

This is why the sage goes whither he will without going abroad; he names things without setting eyes upon them; without acting, he accomplishes great things.

A Chinese commentator says: "Such is the essence of our nature, that it embraces and traverses the whole universe; it knows neither distance nor nearness of time or space. The saint knows everything without passing through his door or opening his window, because his nature is absolutely perfect; but men of the world are blinded by material things, their nature is limited by the limits of the senses; they are perturbed by their bodies and their emotions. Outwardly they are stopped by mountains and rivers, they see not beyond the scope of their eyes, they hear not beyond the reach of their ears. The slightest obstacle may paralyse either of these faculties."

Lao Tse's thought appears to be exactly that of the sentences in *Kena Upanishad*: "Without moving, that One is swifter than mind. Nor did the bright Powers overtake It; It went swiftly before them. That outstrips the others, though they run, while It stands still."

48. *He who gives himself to studies, each day increases (his information).*

He who gives himself to the Way, each day diminishes (his desires).
He diminishes them continually until he attains non-action.
When he has attained non-action all things are possible for him.
Through non-action he becomes master of the kingdom.
He who follows action cannot become master of the kingdom.

The Chinese phrase *wu-wei* is here translated non-action; its meaning is: abstinence from action inspired by selfishness; just as it has been said that we should do nothing which is desired by the lower self for that reason alone.

The whole matter is set forth at length in the *Bhagavad Gita,* and is, indeed, the most distinctive teaching of that Scripture of detachment and disinterested toil.

The Sanskrit word involved is *karma.* It may be interesting to try the experiment of re-writing Lao Tse's phrases, using this word:

"He who gives himself to the Way, each day diminishes his evil desires. He diminishes them continually until he attains freedom from karma. When he has attained to freedom from karma all things become possible for him. Through liberation from karma he becomes master of the kingdom of heaven. He who is bound by karma cannot become master of the kingdom of heaven."

This is exactly the teaching of the closing passage of *Light on the Path:* "The operations of the actual laws of karma are not to be studied until the disciple has reached the point at which they no longer affect himself. . . . Therefore you who desire to understand the laws of karma, attempt first to free yourself from these laws; and this can only be done by fixing your attention on that which is unaffected by them."

49. *The sage has no set mental forms. He adapts himself to the minds of the people.*

With the good, he is good; with the evil, he is also good. This is the perfection of goodness.

With the sincere, he is sincere; with the insincere, he is also sincere. This is the perfection of sincerity.

The holy sage, living in the world, dwells serene and unperturbed, keeping the same feeling for all.

The hundred families follow him with their ears and eyes.

The sage regards them as his children.

The best comment seems to be the following passage, quoted from the Revised Version: "Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. . . Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Here is another memorable phrase: "The men of old said: All men seek to conquer death; they do not know how to conquer life."

C. J.

(To be continued)

If you reject the iron, you will never make the steel.—KANG HSI.

The life of the moral man is plain and yet not unattractive; it is simple and yet full of grace; it is easy and yet methodical. He knows that accomplishment of great things consists in doing small things well. He knows that great effects are produced by small causes. He knows the evidence and reality of what cannot be perceived by the senses. Thus he is enabled to enter into the world of ideas and morals.—CONFUCIUS.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Gael was on the war-path. One glance at him was enough. The Recorder seized pencil and paper. "Hold forth, O Gael!" he said. And the Gael, erect before the open fire, without deigning to notice our invocation, held forth as if the peoples of the world confronted him. (The Philosopher insists that they do, and that the Gael knows it).

"The extent," he said, "to which the Christian Churches misinterpret and misrepresent the Master they are supposed to serve, would be heart-breaking if it were not for the conviction that ultimately they will be brought to a true understanding of his purposes, and that then they will redeem the stupidities and iniquities of their past. The Vatican, centuries ago, sold its soul to the devil for power, just as Germany did, under Bismarck. The spirit of the Vatican and the spirit of Germany, are one and the same. Both have been deprived of the physical force which would enable them to dominate as they both wish to dominate, but while Germany still hopes and indeed is determined to recover the physical force of which the World War deprived her, the Vatican aims to use the force of others, for her own benefit, through the control of their minds and consciences. The Vatican, therefore, is the more dangerous of the two: the danger is less evident, less immediate; the weapons used are far more subtle, the camouflage infinitely more difficult to penetrate.

"The Vatican has no principles. It has a clear-cut policy. Its aim being to dominate the world, by means of religion, it must of necessity provide for the 'religious' needs of irreligious people, and also for the needs of those who are sincere. So, in addition to its highly organized political department, it conducts a highly specialized religious department, providing—through Parish priests and religious Orders—a religious training, a religious discipline, *for those who want it,* which is superior to that provided by any other Church. The consequence is that the Vatican is surrounded, and to a great extent is concealed, by a host of devout souls, who belong to the Church of Rome, but who neither consider themselves, nor are, in any way responsible for the politics of Rome, and who rarely, if ever, give Rome itself a thought.

"Incidentally, Rome secures the credit for the saints which her system produces, although many of them, as their biographies prove, had to fight the authority of Rome at every step of their progress. Once dead, however, and safely canonized, Rome takes shelter behind them, rejoicing with unusual sincerity that they are at last in heaven. Meanwhile, and to account for the multitude of Catholics who are as unprin-

cipled as she is, Rome turns defeat into victory—or tries to—by pointing to her 'toleration'.

"The Great War served many purposes. Like the child of Mary, it was 'set for the fall and rising again of many. . . . that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed'. It forced the Vatican to reveal its utter lack of principle; its amazing indifference to moral wrong; its concern for numerical and influential support to the exclusion of all else. There was Austria, with its millions of Roman Catholics and particularly its Hapsburgs, the zealous because often the needy adherents of Rome; there were the many Roman Catholics of Germany, politically out-numbered by Protestant Germans. And against them, at first, there were only France, Belgium, England. What would have been gained numerically, or in terms of influence, by condemning the crimes of Germany? Clearly, as Rome saw it, neither French Freethinkers nor English Protestants would have been 'brought over', while Austrian and German Catholics might have been offended beyond recovery. So, throughout the war, Rome prayed aloud for peace, hoping that her many prayers might divert attention from the fact that her neutrality was that of Pilate,—an everlasting shame.

"Look at the record of Rome in Ireland! The Irish Bishops are the obedient servants of the Vatican, and the Irish priests are at the mercy of their Bishops. Wounded British soldiers were dragged from their beds in hospital and were murdered in cold blood by Irish Sinn Feiners. Some of the most cowardly and brutal murders in the history of crime were perpetrated, day after day, not by irresponsible individuals, but by order of the Sinn Fein 'Government'. What did Rome do? She did nothing. By her silence she condoned the crimes which daily were being committed. Finally she came out with a general and purposely ineffective declaration that all acts of violence are much to be regretted,—carefully including the acts of the police and of British soldiers, whose duty it was to maintain law and order, and placing these acts on a parity with those of Sinn Fein murderers.

"That some of the leaders of Sinn Fein are not Roman Catholics, has no bearing on the case. Southern Ireland is Roman Catholic, and the people of Southern Ireland were actively encouraged by the silence of the Vatican to participate in crime and outrage. The Vatican was playing politics. It would play politics in exactly the same way if Sicily or Tuscany or any other Italian province were to rebel against the Italian Government. Police and soldiers might be murdered in their beds. The Vatican would be 'neutral'. The desire for temporal power would again become a hope, for a divided Italy might serve the ends of Rome.

"And the Vatican claims to be Christian!

"On the other hand, the Protestant Churches in England and America are not even wicked. They are merely feeble-minded. They

are well-meaning in most cases; full of sentimental goodness, without a particle of vision, of inspiration, of understanding, or of humility. In America, the latest expression of their imbecility is 'A Program adopted by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, by action of the Executive Committee', dated December 16th, 1921, consisting of 'A Declaration of Ideals and Policy looking toward a Warless World.' The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is said to be controlled by the Presbyterians, but its 'Warless World' program is endorsed in every particular by the Presiding Bishop and Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose Executive Secretary sent it to all the Episcopal clergy with a letter of beseeching approval.

"The program consists for the most part of pious platitudes, which are more or less innocuous. But these serve merely as an introduction to Clause VI, which deals with 'America's Obligations to Germany'. Under that head we are told:—

" 'If American Christians are earnest in their desire to have a Christian world order, a peace system to take the place of the old war system, we must ourselves have a Christian spirit toward the peoples of every land.

" 'The Christians and Churches of America should enter into the fullest possible fraternal relations with our Christian brethren in Germany, as Christians determined to join in rebuilding our shattered world on new and better foundations.

" 'We recommend, accordingly, that the Administrative Committee be authorized to prepare a suitable communication to the Churches and Christians of Germany on behalf of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, expressing our desire for renewed friendship and co-operation in our common task.'

"By analogy, if a man be proved a criminal, but for some reason or other escapes execution, it is the duty of Christians, *regardless of his penitence or lack of it,* to express their desire for renewed friendship with him, and for co-operation in their common task!

"It is not profitable, as a rule, to reason with the feeble-minded. And we know from long experience during the war that the Pacifist attitude toward evil springs from an ingrained and for the most part sub-conscious desire in the Pacifist to be forgiven at once—not to be punished—if at any time he should be so unfortunate as to commit a crime. It is in this spirit that he interprets the admonition to do unto others as you would be done by. Asked if the 'Churches and Christians of Germany' whom he wants us to embrace, have proved the sincerity of their repentance, or have so much as expressed polite regret for German outrages in Belgium and northern France (see the "Screen of Time" in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for 1917 and 1918), your American Social Service—Federal

Council—International—Peace-at-any-price Christian, says 'Hush, Hush!' in grieved and pained surprise. You are sinning, he suggests, against Charity. Never mind the women who were outraged, the babies who were spitted on bayonets, the old men who were burned alive: it is your Christian duty to express your 'desire for renewed friendship' with the perpetrators of these crimes, and with the friends who cheered them on; it is your Christian duty to express your desire to 'co-operate' with them in your 'common task'!

"And the Christian Master—that great Warrior and King—has to endure this sickening 'program' as representative of his spirit! His name is plastered all over it. If missionaries ever were needed, they are needed now—to convert the Churches to Christianity. But it will be the work of ages, because at no time in the history of the world, so far as I can see, has organized religion been so obtuse. The so-called Federal Council is the last word in smug self-satisfaction. In comparison, the Roman Cardinals are penitents."

The Gael sat down. He had finished. If the Recorder had not been several paragraphs behind, he would have cheered him. There was a pause. Then, as no one seemed inclined either to accept the Gael's challenge or to supplement his indictment, our Visitor asked if he might submit certain questions which he had jotted down on behalf of friends. Told that his questions would be welcome, he produced the first: "In Eastern teachings great importance is always attached to dreams and the dream state. Yet many people never dream, or have only incoherent, meaningless dreams. How do you account for this?"

The Recorder promptly called upon the Philosopher for an answer.

"I should like to alter the wording of the question in one respect," he said. "We have no right to say that many people never dream. All we can say is that, if they dream, they do not remember their dreams: the brain, on waking, does not register their dream experience. It has been stated on the best of authority that 'the fumes of food' cloud the brain during sleep. The body is still, and the blood circulates less actively. Deposits are not carried away. Both the character and the quantity of food which we eat, have an important bearing on the result. Meat-eating—although, on account of their heredity, many people seem unable to preserve their health without it—meat-eating undoubtedly coarsens the physical structure and produces 'fumes' which are especially deleterious. The consequence is that the white race, speaking generally, is not as well able to register the higher order of dreams as are the vegetarian races of the East. Even those who, born in the West, have become vegetarians, defying their physical heredity, are rarely any better off in this respect than those who eat meat, because digestive troubles cloud the brain during the physical stagnation of sleep, and make true registration almost impossible.

"During deep sleep the soul does not dream, but it sees and knows

on its own plane, which is the plane of reality. If the level of the waking personal consciousness be akin to that of the soul, much of the personal consciousness clings to the soul when the soul indraws to its own plane during the sleep of the body. The gods and the ways of the gods, in that world, are revealed. But, standing between the world of spiritual reality and the level of waking consciousness, there are the planes of the psychic world, both higher and lower, and the elements of our personal consciousness which have clung to the soul during deep sleep, have to pass back through these planes of the psychic world before entering once more into contact with the physical brain, which is the organ of registration. The lower planes of the psychic world, as they exist in most of us, are planes of confusion, of trivial interests, of intense but passing emotions, which, however, catch our attention again as we go through the process of waking up. Consequently, whatever real experience we have brought back with us from the spiritual world, is likely to become entangled, through association of ideas, with pictures and impressions we have registered previously on these lower psychic planes,—particularly at a time when the will is still dormant, as too often it is when we first awake from sleep. The result is a blur, or 'incoherent, meaningless dreams', when we wake gradually, as most people do. On the other hand, when we wake quickly, with alert will, we turn our attention as a rule to some outer duty, or to some form of prayer, and become engrossed in that without first looking for the thread within us which, if we were to pick it up and follow it back, might lead us to the memory of our night's real experience."

"May I ask what you mean by 'looking for the thread within us'?" our Visitor inquired.

"I mean a quiet turning of the heart's attention to anything which *may* have been 'brought through'; a quiet expectation that some thought will be found in the mind which, if considered, will open the way for the other connected thoughts and impressions, of which only this one thought has emerged, but all of which were garnered during deep sleep. . . . These inner processes, remember, are not easy to describe!"

"But what is the use of thoughts or dreams or of deep-sleep experiences if we do not remember them?" asked our Visitor.

"There are two ways in which to answer that question", the Philosopher replied. "First: we can remember, and we ought to remember, and it is our own fault if we do not. Very few people try. Second: we *do* remember, inasmuch as many of the most helpful ideas which come to us during waking consciousness, and I suspect by far the greater part of our 'good will,' are percolations which filter through in the course of the day, from the higher planes of our sub-consciousness, and which were left there in pockets or eddies as we made our way back from deep sleep."

"Humph!" said our Visitor. "I wonder if that's true."

We laughed. "Test all things," the Philosopher rejoined. "Watch your own experience,—really watch it. See if, when some particularly clarifying idea comes to you during the day, it will not prove, on examination, to be a link in a chain which you can trace back to a dream, or to some impression received during sleep.

"Theosophy does not dogmatize. It is a record of experiment and experience, which it will do no one any good merely to swallow, and which every student is expected to verify for himself."

"One more question if I may", our Visitor said. "On what plane of being are we to think of the existence of the Lodge? Is there a term to describe such a plane?"

It seemed fair to pass this on to the Ancient. So the Recorder appealed to him, asking him to depart from his usual three-sentence method, and to answer the question fully.

"Not so easy," replied the Ancient. "How describe to a man who has never dreamed—if there were such a man—the world of dreams? People always assume that the physical world is the real world, and that all other worlds, or spheres of consciousness, are relatively unreal. To answer such a question properly, I think you would have to begin by upsetting that idea. You might point out, for instance, how much more real is the psychic than the physical world. A single experiment will prove it. Suppose you are driving in an automobile and you just miss a serious accident,—turning a corner, perhaps, with a narrow escape from collision with another motor. Your driver stops. Your heart, which for a moment almost stood still, begins to beat violently. You turn pale. It takes some minutes to recover your equilibrium. Do you realize that it is the psychic and not the physical event which has frightened you? By 'psychic event', I mean your imagination of the accident which might have happened. You can prove this by turning your attention instantly in another direction; by forbidding your imagination to look at your escape. Even if you are unable to prevent the initial inner commotion, you will be able to check it completely, not by using your will directly against the physical reaction, but by using it to divert your attention from the 'picture' in your mind which causes the physical reaction. In a hundred ways, and drawing only on the experience of the average man, you will be able to substantiate the statement that the physical world is unreal in comparison with the more intense reality of the psychic world.

"Having jarred, somewhat, the fixed and mistaken ideas of those who see reality only in terms of the physical senses, I think the next step would be to postulate, at a jump, that the physical world, as seen through the medium of the physical senses, and as thus perceived by the lower personal consciousness (the ordinary waking consciousness) is no more than an imperfect and often distorted reflection of the real world, as known to the eye of true vision. This real world is above the

four lower planes, all of which are planes of reflection. Thought of from below, in terms of a three-dimensional consciousness, it would be a world of four dimensions. This means that the 'matter' of the real world, infinitely more real and substantial than the 'matter' of the three-dimensional world, passes through or over this 'matter', much as a three-dimensional body passes through or over a line drawn on a floor,—which, as an obstacle, does not exist. Ordinarily invisible, a real man, a 'four-dimensional' man, in what Paul the Apostle called a spiritual body, can make himself visible at will to beings on the physical or psychic planes. He can cross the ocean in a steamship if he wants to make contact with the physical world in that way; or he can cross the ocean as you would cross a line drawn on the floor,—almost without moving.

"But the main point to emphasize is that the plane on which the Lodge exists is permanent. Death has no power there. It is a world of activity more intense, of forces more tremendous, than anyone on the physical plane can imagine. But it is not in a state of flux; there are no upheavals; absolute order prevails there. It is a world of changeless values, and it is the world of the future, destined to become manifest to all men who survive the process of selection which you call evolution."

Our Visitor remarked that he had enough to keep him busy—"the thing I call my mind"—for several days, and, explaining that he had an engagement which he ought to keep, said good-bye with many expressions of thanks for what he characterized as our patience with his everlasting questions.

Almost immediately the door opened and a Friend whom we had not seen for some months, quietly entered the room and greeted us with his well-remembered salutation. Some of us wondered if he had passed our Visitor on the stairway, and, if so, whether our Visitor had noticed him. The ability to see that Friend for what he is, even in part, is a supreme test of perception. His intimates say he can travel anywhere unobserved and that, as he goes from centre to centre of the world's activity, he makes less noise and leaves fewer visible foot-prints, than anyone they know,—except the highest. The Ancient has often declared he would never have recognized him for what he is, if he had not been told, years ago, by Mr. Judge.

We did not ask this Friend where he had been or any personal questions. We knew he had come for a purpose, as he always does.

"I wanted you to know something of their meeting", he said. "I was not there, but I have word, and was told to convey word to you. I quote from memory, but this is my understanding of what I was to say:

" 'We have been considering the future of the world. The phenomena which you see as complicated and unusual, we see as simple and as very familiar. We have lived with these things for ages: the same actions, the same reactions, though on a slightly different plane each time. So there is really no problem, so far as *world* affairs are concerned.

World affairs invariably are simpler than problems of the individual soul. Your recent studies should suggest one reason why.

" 'The —— is my hope. Remember that that which men turn to in haste, and that which many turn to like sheep, following a leader, becomes merely a new name for old habits. Growth is slow. Conversion is not growth. Conversion can be no more than the beginning of growth in a good instead of a bad direction. Therefore I would rather have three men, earnestly striving for discipleship, working together with that in view, and thus constituting a group, than multitudes following a leader, forsaking their old sins only to adopt them again in new forms. The vice of one age, abandoned by thousands, has too often become the religion of the next age, clothed in arrogance and more difficult to convert than the worst of sinners.

" 'Work steadily, therefore, primarily on yourselves, to align the least of your purposes with mine, that we may become a *united body*. I desire above all things union of purpose, and then the clear recognition by each that the purpose of the others is his own.

" 'Do not be disturbed by the upheavals around you. . . . How foolish to suppose that the antagonisms of a thousand years are to be overcome in ten! On the other hand, froth on the surface (all you can see for the most part) is as light as the "statesmen" who produce it. A breath blows it away,—for new froth to form.

" 'Go forward with serene heart and fixed will. Work for the future. In others, as in the events of life, make yourselves see the permanent, the underlying, the real, and make yourselves distinguish between that and the surface indications. Above all trust my love as the cause of all that happens to you and to those around you, that they too may trust . . .' "

For nearly an hour he stayed with us, this Friend of the far past and of the days for which we hope. Then he left us. "What is the difference, New York or Hell", he said, "so long as they are the centres of *his* work and peace!"

T.

When you meditate, desire all the love which a soul has ever had for Me, and I will receive your love according to your desire.

CHRIST TO SAINT MATILDA.

Discouragement in anything is the worst of all faults. It is the death of manhood.—LACORDAIRE.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

March 8th, 1914.

DEAR ————

. . . Please get and read Fénelon's *Letters to Women*, and *The Spiritual Letters of S. Francis de Sales*. They are both in Mrs. Sidney Lear's series. Read one letter at a time and then apply it to *yourself*. Do not think how well it would do for ———— or some one else, but think of it as said by St. Francis or Fénelon *to you*.

Now for general principles—a general Rule for daily use.

You are a strange mixture of ups and downs. You have a talk with ———— and it is an even chance whether you go away in despair or in ecstasy. The difference of course is in you and your mood; and your mood is the result of your reaction to circumstances, to daily and hourly events, so that this new rule is an effort to give you something that will prevent these violent oscillations and reactions. It is this: Use your slips, your shortcomings, your mistakes, your negligences, your faults, or sins, if you prefer the term,—use them all as offerings to the Master, just as you would offer him a prayer or some definite act of sacrifice or devotion.

If you have nothing but rubbish to offer him, offer him rubbish; *and be grateful that you have rubbish to offer*. Let *him* be the judge if it all be rubbish. Even New York City refuse is picked over and much of value is found in it before the balance is burned or buried. He will find something of value in the rubbish you offer him, you may be sure. Remember, no agonizing because you have only rubbish to offer him, but gratitude that at least you have something.

Do this quite simply and literally.

You ask: "What *is* the difference between self-indulgence and self-sacrifice and common sense?" Perhaps you can get a clearer perception of the difference if you think of self-indulgence in terms of self-will. We want *our* way, not the Master's, or that of any constituted authority. Self-sacrifice is to control that self-will,—our natural impulses, our lower nature,—in order to do his will. There is a higher stage where we *want* to do his will; where we have no other will, where self-indulgence is eliminated, but we are a long way from that yet.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 28th, 1914.

DEAR ————

I received your letter of the 18th just as we were getting off for Watch Hill. I return the enclosure.

I do not wish to preach, or to say "I told you so." On the contrary I am rather glad the incident happened, for it will show you the necessity of care and recollection at all times, without doing any particular damage. The Master is very good to us in this way. He will test us at first in matters that do not have very important consequences. But he will go on with more and more important things, where violations are more and more important, and where the consequences are more and more serious. So we learn to bear responsibility; for we must be able to bear responsibility before we can be efficient servants of his. He must be able to trust us, and trusting us does not mean taking risks —although he does that, of course—but it means that he must be sure we would die rather than disobey, and, further, that we shall remember not to act impulsively or accidentally. He must know that he can trust our recollection as well as our faithfulness and our desire. The trouble with you, as was pointed out to you not so long ago, is that you get "rattled" very easily and lose all recollection for the time being. Let any little thing happen, a stupid servant, a household accident, an illness or trouble, and you are inclined to go to pieces, and to forget what you are and how you ought to act, in your intense interest in and desire to be doing something about that which is uppermost in your mind. For the time being it looms large on the horizon of your attention, to the exclusion of everything else, although the other things are really of infinitely greater importance.

So you must watch this tendency to get "rattled". Go too far the other way. Make a habit of never doing anything in a hurry or on impulse. Force yourself into the habit of stopping and thinking whenever anything sudden comes up. You can train yourself to be automatic in this after a time.

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With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

June 10th, 1915.

Dear ———

* * * * * * *

These be troublous times for all of us. We shrink from trial and pain, but also we should be sorry not to bear our full share of the world's burden, and that we can do looking after a sick child as well as fighting Germans in Flanders.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

DEAR ———— June 20th, 1915.

* * * * * * *

I am so exceedingly sorry for the constant events that try your courage, your faith, your patience, your will. You must be made of very fine stuff indeed to be hammered so incessantly and so vigorously, and I think you take it all very well.

I should like to say something comforting and helpful, but you know how I feel and what I think. You know that the severest trials end, and that the Master sees benefit in all these happenings even when they are dark to our understanding. . . .

I admire your courage and simplicity, and you have my constant prayers and sympathy in your efforts.

* * * * * * *

I am, as always,
Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

September 9th, 1915.

DEAR ————

I was sorry to hear of ————'s misadventure and recent illness. You have so much to bear that I hate to see extra burdens imposed on you, and I particularly hate to see you impose entirely unnecessary and often entirely imaginary burdens on yourself! I really believe that if you only had to carry your natural burdens, those the Master and life give you, you could carry them all easily and even be happy and contented in the process. But once in so often you will get yourself worked up over an imaginary trouble, over some fancied mistake, over some breaking of your understanding of a rule: and in most cases this has no actual existence,—it is not real save to you who have created it.

I do not know the solution.

Of course we must not allow ourselves to be cast down and depressed and upset over real troubles, faults and failures: how much less, then, over those which are self-created and which have no actuality. However, you are trying, and you are making constant progress, so what more can we ask.

I am, with kind regards,
Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

December 8th, 1915.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * *

I wish you did not feel life was so complicated, and that it was difficult or impossible to decide between duties.

Duties do not conflict. Our desires and our duties often do. And the instant you find yourself in such a position you begin to fret and stew, until you can no longer judge about your duty. If you could realize how little it matters what you do, in comparison with your motive, you would not get excited and confused.

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With kind regards, as always,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 16th, 1916.

Dear ———

* * * * * * *

Perhaps the reason you are kept away from us is that you need more self-confidence, that you need to trust your own instincts and intuitions, and that you are too much inclined to look for outside and "authoritative" statements which relieve you from responsibility. Do not forget that the Master guides your instincts, through your "feminine perceptions" quite as much as through any other faculty you may possess. Learn to trust yourself as his child. To think meanly of yourself is to think meanly of him. You need greater confidence—primarily in him and then in yourself.

* * * * * * *

There is no fear of your getting "too resigned" if you will go on trying to do your daily duties as you believe the Master would have you do them. That is the whole secret. In that way understanding comes. You do not have to succeed: you have to try. You are trying. Cheer up!

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 12th, 1916.

Dear ———

. . . Your real problems are the same as those of all the rest of us. It may not seem to you to be so, because the circumstances are not the same. But these outer things do not really matter. Your faults and weaknesses would come into play just as much against any other set of conditions as against the present ones. The circumstances surrounding the present ones could radically change, but it would make no difference. Your nature, your faults, your weaknesses, your virtues, your abilities, would be the same, just the same. And these faults and virtues are about the same as the faults and virtues of the rest of us. Some of us have a little more of one and a little less of another, but we all have the same faults and the same virtues, and consequently the same problems! The main problem for all of us is to get rid of our

self-will, of our self-absorption. You, for instance, for we are all alike, are so absorbed in yourself and your own problems that they become the centre around which you revolve. You think of them, talk of them, write of them, pray about them, worry over them, perpetually, until you get into a hopeless "feeze" and confusion, and cannot see anything in its true proportions or judge of anything wisely or sanely. Your very conscientiousness works against you. You get into a mess and try to get out of it by doing still harder the same things that got you into it. It does not work. You get worse, not better; more confused, not less so; the harder you try the more of a coil you wind around yourself. That being so, and you must realize that it is so, the conclusion must be that you are not going about it the right way. Of course you know that already, but this analysis may enable you to see *why* you are doing, or trying to do, things wrongly.

What is the right way—for you? Obviously to be less self-centred, less self-absorbed. You do not think of ————and his condition; you think of what *you* should do about him. You do not think of your housekeeping; you think of what *you* should do about it. You see ———— or ————; you do not think, or even listen to what they say; you spend your time with them talking about *your* problems, and what *you* have done or tried to do. It is always *you.*

I believe that if you could come to the Studio Sunday and spend an hour or two there, and not want to talk about yourself or your problems, but would be content to listen to the general talk, and not to see it only in the light of your problems—I believe the battle would be half won. But you could not do this; it would violate the habit of a life-time. You could, however, make a beginning; you could try to eliminate self by degrees, consciously as an act of will. You have the great advantage of desire: you have a genuine wish to do these things and you are willing to make the effort; your motives are admirable. Well, go ahead and do the best you can.

You have the resolution to win and the ability to win, if you could only get the problem in your mind and keep it there. Try it anyhow, for it is by repeated efforts and failures and new efforts that we finally win out.

I am, with kind regards,
Sincerely yours,
C. A. Griscom.

July 12th, 1916.

Dear ————

* * * * * * *

You have had so much advice that you do not need any more, and if I were to attempt to give you any, it would be a reiteration of the same old things:—

Give plenty of rest to body and mind. Cultivate serenity and poise. Do not rush or stew or fret. When you find yourself getting rattled about anything, refuse to think of it any more at all: make yourself do something else: postpone any decision, if possible until you have slept.

"Let there be calmness: hold fast: go slow."

This was Judge's last advice.

I am, sincerely yours,
C. A. Griscom.

July 21st, 1916.

Dear ———

I am more sorry than I can say for all you have to bear and struggle against both outside and inside yourself. May I suggest that although it does not seem so to you, pretty nearly every one I know has similar problems, difficulties, troubles, hardships, struggles. It is the *Path*: we cannot expect it to be otherwise; we must accept such dispensations with faith and courage, and the serene conviction that we shall never be called upon to bear more than we are entirely capable of bearing successfully.

But we must not add crosses of our own manufacture to those Karma gives us.

* * * * * * *

Go on with courage and faith; our endurance must be tested as well as all other qualities.

Sincerely yours,
C. A. Griscom.

August 11th, 1916.

Dear ———

* * * * * * *

I enclose a leaf from my calendar which seems appropriate.

So strong sometimes are the storms of life, that strength of arms is of no avail; and there is no other means to save us from shipwreck than trusting in the cross of Jesus by which we are consecrated.—St. Augustine.

I know from personal experience that when we torture ourselves with imaginary, or partly imaginary troubles, it is small comfort to be told that our pain is self-created and does not exist in actual circumstances, and yet it is true. You are heart-broken because ——— says she hates you. Well, she does not hate you. The crossness and bad temper of ——— is not a thing to agonize over; it is unpleasant while it lasts, but the best treatment is a smile. A day or a week and the gust is over: or, if it takes a month or a year, that makes it more trying, requires more patience, more sympathy, but it does not alter the basic facts.

What is it you fear? Face every possibility, and you will find yourself strong enough to bear them all. Better still, go on with your daily duties and refuse to think at all about the things you fear. If they come,

they will come, and you will bear them. Your duty, from moment to moment, will occupy all of your mind. If you allow yourself to worry about other things, other possibilities, other contingencies, you are trying to bear two things at once, and that is not God's plan for us. It means lack of faith,—and other things. . . .

You are not "cut off", not being punished for being bad. I do not think you have been bad. On the contrary you have tried hard in a very difficult situation, and ought to be full of courage and hope.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

January 18th, 1917.

Dear ———

* * * * * * *

I have already told you everything I can think of to write or say. I suggest, therefore, that when you get upset and unhappy over things, you re-read some old letters, as they apply with full force, as well now as when they were written. Our reaction to circumstances and events is nearly always just the same, and the remedy is the same, although the events may change.

* * * * * * *

Just take one rule of silence and stick to it, namely, *Do not interrupt.*

Do not attempt any penances, or even think of them, until you are back. You can obey that one rule easily after a little practice.

I am, as always,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

Every step forward is always taken by the soul alone.—We learn not so much by being taught, as by the moments in which we make our own the things we have heard. Each of those moments is like a conquest to the person who experiences it. That is why learning is the great adventure.—The great lesson we have to learn then is that it is God Who is waiting to speak when the soul is left alone.—Robert Keable.

REVIEWS

The Ruin of The Ancient Civilization and The Triumph of Christianity; with Some Consideration of Conditions in The Europe of Today, by Guglielmo Ferrero; translated by Lady Whitehead (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1921).

Professor Ferrero continues to make valuable contributions to what we may call Comparative History, which is the effort to explain one century in terms of another. In the present work, he compares the Third Century and the Twentieth. He fears that Europe is in danger of collapse, and goes back to the earlier collapse of the Roman power, to discover, if possible, similar causes acting then and now. He wastes no time in seeking superficial resemblances, but makes it clear that the problem is ethical. The ascertainable causes of the rise and fall of civilizations must be essentially ethical: we reap as we sow.

Ferrero's hypothesis is that the status of authority is the test by which we can judge the condition of a civilization. "The principle of authority is the key to all civilization; when the political system becomes disintegrated and falls into anarchy, civilization in its turn is rapidly broken up" (p. 207).

There appears to come a time in every cycle, when the responsible elements in a society lose their hold on reality. They become obsessed with the desire for rest, for comfort, and are willing to let their duties slip into the control of others. During the Third Century, the Roman aristocracy seems to have yielded to such a temptation. The Senate simply stopped functioning, and as it had been the accepted instrument, the very incarnation of authority for the Western peoples, it dragged down in its inertia the whole Empire. When the established authority lost the confidence of the people, it became impossible to improvise a new order. In the absence of a recognized principle of authority, the first thing to happen was the emergence of the military with a claim to govern the Empire by right of force. The legions were ready to furnish Emperors—any number of them—but they could not agree as to the candidates. On all sides appeared anarchy, division, poverty, the infiltration of barbarian elements, the decay of the ancient culture. A great man, Diocletian, made an extraordinary effort to stem the tide, by using the army to carry out an administrative reform, and to reëstablish the Empire on a new principle of authority borrowed from the East. He asked his subjects to regard him as the earthly representative of Mithras, the Sun-God, the dispenser of thrones. But Diocletian lived to see the collapse of his Oriental despotism, which was too alien to the nature of the West to succeed. The work of dissolution went on, for the principle of authority native to the West had been lost.

Ferrero believes that Modern Europe is faced with the same problem. The principle of authority native to the West has been lost again, after having been recovered in the Middle Ages through the creation of a new hierarchy, through a reawakening of the spirit of trust and obedience. But now the forms of the mediaeval order, which made emergence from barbarism possible, have ceased to be living things. Divine Right of Kings, feudal aristocracy, chivalry,—these things have ceased to be manifest even as ornaments. They have been succeeded by other forms called modern,—universal suffrage, the "Rights of Man," all the trappings of democracy. But Ferrero feels that democracy is too vague, too akin to anarchism, to be capable of preserving Europe from the final state of universal chaos.

He is pessimistic, because he cannot recognize anywhere a standard, about which the elements of law and order can gather. The ancient civilization was broken into fragments, but was still able to transmit some of its essence to a vehicle, which had been developed as if for that very purpose. Christianity was the ark, which saved the most precious seeds of antiquity. In a sense, it was not an ideal Christianity, which did this; it was Churchianity in its hardest and most dogmatic state. But it was the only basis of authority left, and it was a religious force binding men together. Ferrero suggests that we stop condemning the Church of Constantine's day long enough to ask why it was so intolerant, so bent on the suppression of heresies. Perhaps, it was only giving expression to the yearning of men everywhere for something fixed to cling to, for something irrevocable and authoritative, even though it were only a system of theology.

But to-day, intellectual, moral, spiritual anarchy are as near to us as political anarchy. Chaos is imminent on every plane. Where is there anywhere a devotion to truth, a reverence for principle strong enough to provide a haven in the storm which is gathering? Students of Theosophy may well ask themselves that question.

S. L.

The Treasure of the Isle of Mist, by W. W. Tarn (Philip Allan, London), is a truly delightful fairy story, charmingly told, of lost treasure, caves, a magic amulet, a real villain, and a detailed description of a fairy gathering for All Hallows E'en. The fairies are real, and so are the heroine (in her early teens) and her younger companion, the Urchin. In fact all the characters, whether human, animal, or fairy, are vividly and realistically portrayed; and the action and reaction of the seen with the unseen world is made so natural as to seem more real than ordinary prosaic limitations.

In addition to being a genuinely entertaining story, refined as few things written today are, the author has succeeded by light luminous touches and a rare suggestiveness, in conveying certain fundamental principles on which all true fairy stories are based. There is a quest, which turns out to bring more than the treasure originally sought. There is evil to be overcome, good to be achieved through sacrifice, and implicit obedience as the sole safeguard and only sesame. Success brings not only personal reward, but the redemption of even rebellious sinners. In other words, this little book is a true fairy story, full of wisdom, an allegory of the soul. That the fairies are described as the creation of past races of men, modelled by the thought-forms of by-gone days, will be of interest to students of Theosophy. The author is to be congratulated, not only for his literary and imaginative achievement, but also for his ability to create so attractive a setting for the deeper messages he has to convey,—such as: "If you don't make mistakes sometimes, you'll never make anything else," or "If you can't get what you want by beginning at the top, you should start again at the bottom."

A. G.

Buddhist Legends, Translated from the original Pali text of the Dhammapada Commentary, by E. W. Burlingame (Harvard University Press, 1921. 3 vols, $15).

This appears to the present reviewer to be the most valuable book on Buddhism and the Buddha that has been published in the West. It breathes the very atmosphere and savour of the Buddha's India, the cities and forests, the mountains and the ocean, the hot season and the greater rains, the palm trees and the sunshine and the tinkly temple bells; its pages are packed with stories of disciples and the effort of discipleship, and the authentic person of the Buddha moves through it majestic, a presence that is not to be put by. The spirit of the whole book is summed up in one of the verses of the Dhammapada quoted after the dedication:

> The shunning of all evil, the doing of good,
> The cleansing of the heart: this is the Religion of the Buddhas.

The Dhammapada consists of 423 Sayings of the Buddha in verse. The Commentary, compiled by an unknown disciple, perhaps a thousand years after the Buddha's death, undertakes to tell under what circumstances, to whom, when and why each of these Sayings was uttered. It thus carries with it a great body of personal tradition and atmosphere, handed down by loving hearts and the singularly retentive memories of the East, and brings to life again the scenes and persons and incidents in the midst of which the Buddha lived and taught.

Of the 299 stories here admirably translated, there is room in this review for three only, and only for a summary of these. The first, like many of the stories, shows the Buddha possessing a keen sense of humour. It relates a former incarnation of one of the Buddha's elder disciples:

Once upon a time, says the Buddha, there was a merchant who used to travel about Northern India with a donkey cart, selling pottery. While engaged in disposing of his wares, he allowed the donkey to run loose. On such an occasion, the donkey made the acquaintance of a lady donkey, who put discontent into his heart, so that, when the time came to go, the donkey refused to move, saying, "I will plant my fore feet, let fly with my hind feet, and knock out your teeth." The merchant, using persuasion, promised the donkey a consort with face like mother-of-pearl, whereupon the donkey went happily forward. When they reached home, the donkey claimed fulfilment of the promise. "Yes," said the merchant, "I will bring you home a mate. But I will provide food only for you. You will increase and multiply, but there will be food for one only. Decide for yourself." Desire thereupon departed from the heart of the donkey.

Then comes the moral: "At that time, monks, the female donkey was Janapada-Kalyani, the male donkey was the Elder Nanda, and I myself was the merchant. In former times, too, Nanda was won to obedience by the lure of the female sex."

Here is a second story. Certain novices and others yet unconverted, on seeing the Elder Lakuntaka Bhaddiya, used to pull his hair and tweak his ears and nose, saying, "Uncle, you tire not of Religion? You take delight in it?" But the Elder showed no resentment, took no offence. The monks discussed the matter in the hearing of the Buddha, who said, "Yes, monks, they that have rid themselves of the Depravities show no anger or resentment, but are unmoved, unshaken, like a solid rock."

Those who seek more of solemnity in the tradition of discipleship will find it in such a story as the following.

As the Teacher walked side by side with the novice, he asked the novice the names of various places previously pointed out to him by the lay disciple, and the novice told him their names. When they had reached the place where the novice resided, the Teacher climbed to the top of a mountain. From the top of this mountain the Great Ocean is visible. The Teacher asked the novice, "Tissa, as you stand on the top of the mountain and look this way and that, what do you see?" "The Great Ocean, Reverend Sir." "What thought comes into your mind as you look upon the Great Ocean?" "Reverend Sir, this is the thought that comes into my mind, 'At times when I have wept over my sufferings, I must have shed tears more abundant than the waters contained in the four great oceans.'" Again he asked him, "Tissa, where do you reside?" "In this mountain cave, Reverend Sir." "What thought comes into your mind as you reside here?" "Reverend Sir, this is the thought that comes into my mind, 'There is no limit to the number of times I have died and my body been laid upon this ground.'" "Well said, well said, Tissa! It is even so. There is no spot where living beings we know have not lain down on the earth and died. Where truth is, and righteousness, where no injury is done to living beings, where self-restraint and self-command exist, thither resort holy men, there death is not." C. J.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 266.—*A young man of my acquaintance, who is a Church member (Episcopalian), has asked me how a friend of his, who died recently, and who was neither very good nor very bad, can possibly go either to heaven or to hell. Should I tell him about Reincarnation?*

ANSWER.—It depends upon the character, education, and real 'age' of the young man. To upset the faith of another is a grievous sin, as the *Bhagavad Gita* tells us. The need of a child of four is to regard its parents as final and infallible. Nothing is worse for a child of that age than to begin to doubt the wisdom and authority of its parents. It must have a fixed centre to which to look,—a centre from which knowledge and power proceed. The majority of grown-up people are about four years old. They need, and really need, a fixed and visible centre of authority to look to and to rely upon. To deprive them of it is cruel, and stunts their spiritual development. Further, because the need to rely upon a centre of authority is a real need, and because it is impossible for people of that 'age' to rely upon an unseen Master,—if they lose faith in the wisdom and (comparative) infallibility of their Church, they are certain to transfer their faith to some other external centre, possibly to Karl Marx, or to Lenine, or to Mrs. Eddy, or to some spiritualistic medium. Almost any Church would be better than that! It would be very unwise, therefore, to suggest to such people that there are truths of which their Church knows nothing, or of which it disapproves. If they were to accept the truth of Reincarnation from you, they would necessarily think themselves wiser than their Church, at least in that respect; and if they were to transfer their faith from their Church to you, in what way would they be any better off? You will die. What would they do then?

The young man referred to by the questioner, shows that he does not know the teaching of his Church, and the best way to help him, at least to begin with, is to reinforce his faith in his Church, by telling him what his Church teaches in regard to the future life. The principle to insist upon is that of endless opportunity for growth, for progress. This, after all, is the principle which underlies the truth of Reincarnation, and to give him the principle is of much greater importance than to give him a particular method by which the principle is worked out. For Reincarnation is not the sole means of growth. There is opportunity for progress during the interval between two lives on earth, in the after-death state. And it is to this opportunity that the church calls attention in its standard treatises on Theology. Thus, in the course of reading which is obligatory for those who would be admitted to the Diaconate in the Episcopal Diocese of New York, first place is given to Dr. Martensen's *Christian Dogmatics,* and to Dr. Darwell Stone's *Outlines of Christian Dogma.* Martensen, who is a Danish Bishop, devotes several pages to "The Intermediate State in the Realm of the Dead." He says (p. 457): "Neither in Holy Scripture nor in the conception of an intermediate state is there any foundation for the notion of a sleep of the soul from the moment of death until the last day. As no soul leaves this present existence in a fully complete and prepared state, we must suppose that there is an intermediate state, a realm of progressive development, in which souls are prepared and matured for the final judgment. Though the Romish doctrine of Purgatory is repudiated because it is

mixed up with so many crude and false positions, it nevertheless contains the truth that the intermediate state must in a purely spiritual sense be a purgatory designed for the purifying of the soul. If we inquire what hints Scripture gives regarding the nature of this Kingdom, we find that the New Testament calls it Hades (Luke XVI. 23), thus reminding us of the Old Testament representation of Sheol, or the kingdom of shades."

Dr. Stone (p. 272) favors the opinion "that the condition of the faithful departed is one of training for the Beatific Vision, and of perfecting the movements towards goodness which have begun in this life." He also favours the opinion "that the extirpation of evil and the development of good will involve suffering" in the intermediate state.

There is nothing in this which does not harmonize perfectly with the teachings of Theosophy. It is not all of the truth, as we see it. But it provides for the development of the soul hereafter, and, once that principle has been assimilated, there is only one step from Martensen's "realm of progressive development," to the realization, with Dante, that this "realm," consisting of Hell, Purgatory, Paradise, exists on earth as well as hereafter, and that every one of us, whether living or "dead," dwells always in one of the subdivisions of one of those three states, depending upon where our consciousness is centred at any given moment.

Reincarnation is a fact. In Palestine, in the time of Christ, it was believed in and taught by the sect of Pharisees and by the Scribes. But the Christian Master seems to have kept it as part of his esoteric teaching, saying to his disciples, "it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them (to the multitude) it is not given . . . to others in parables."

"And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. For ye are yet carnal."

The ingenuity of man in perverting truth to his own undoing, is stupendous. The unknown still has some terrors for him, but if he imagines that he "knows all about it," and that the worst that can happen to him is to return to earth and to pay for his misconduct here, in conditions which he thinks he can gauge,—there is grave risk that his wobbly moral backbone will be deprived of the only support which still keeps it, at intervals, perpendicular.

Theosophy *is* for all men; but it should be administered in minute doses, with plenty of water, until the system has learned to accommodate itself to something so startlingly foreign to it, as the truth. E. T. H.

QUESTION No. 267.—*When one is having a siege of negativeness, it seems impossible to know even what is the trouble until one is half way out. What are the danger signals of negativeness and how overcome them at the first sign?*

ANSWER.—Negativeness, broadly speaking, is the result of considering ourselves when we ought to be thinking about and doing our next duty. Naturally it has many forms. Perhaps the most common and one of the most harmful is self-pity. Any feeling that we are overburdened, or that we have a hard lot in life or are unappreciated and misunderstood, ought to be watched for and overcome at the first indication. Instead of sorrow for our hard lot, we should insist on expressing gratitude for the training we are receiving and the marvellous opportunity given us to obtain qualities which we need—and, in our souls, ardently desire—and which the right performance of our duties will give us. Our lives are arranged by Infinite Compassion and Infinite Wisdom to give us through our duties exactly those qualities we most need and in the measure that is best for us. This same thought may be used to dispel those other breeders of negativeness,—dis-

couragement, depression, or the feeling of inadequacy to our work. Nine times out of ten these feelings are due to vanity, to the fear that we cannot do our work as well as we should like to see ourselves—or have others see us—doing it. They are rarely due to any fear on our part that our failure will throw out the divine harmony of the universe. All of these moods yield to action and are cured by the steady effort to do our best with humble and grateful hearts at our opportunity to serve and to learn. J.

QUESTION No. 268.—*If one is conscious of a number of faults all of which seem to need immediate correction, ought one to concentrate on the one that seems to be the most serious, letting the others go for the time being, or ought one to make an effort to overcome every fault that one can see? It does not seem right to let any fault that I can see go on, and yet when I try to work on so many I get nowhere.*

ANSWER.—Is it not best to take up all the faults as they are presented to one's perception and deal with them as they are presented? But really the problem is like that of some disease which presents many local evidences, all proceeding from some more deeply seated focus. No cure unless you get at the focus. In the same way these many faults surely arise from some common root which should be searched for more deeply, and the attention so given will correct and eradicate many of the overlying faults at one time. But the many faults point to and emphasize the need of attention and correction, and that, while searching for the root-cause, none of the evidences should be neglected. K.

ANSWER.—Several are the answers that I have written to this question. Each one has gone into the waste paper basket. The trouble is that this question was for so long a time my own question, that I find it makes me too much like Kipling's "Bemi", which had "too much ego in its cosmos". Is not the real answer to develop a desire for discipleship? "Abstain because it is right to abstain—not that yourself shall be kept clean" is a searching challenge from *Light on the Path*. But, can one be one's own lawyer in "celestial litigation", so-to-speak? Are we not wise to seek counsel—perhaps through the Secretary T. S., or some other spiritual agency with which we may contact. *The Voice of the Silence* helped me to see my own danger in just such a situation. Is there no older student to whom the querent may turn? G. W.

ANSWER.—By all means concentrate. A general desire to do better and to overcome our faults gets us nowhere. This does not mean that we must abandon all effort to do better in any direction other than the one selected, but that our main effort is to be centered on one point. Suppose, for instance, that we realize that we are untidy, unpunctual and irritable. One of these should be chosen, say unpunctuality, for particular attack for a specific period, say a week. Even that is not definite enough. We should next go over our past experience to see the times when we are most likely to be late or those where our lateness causes the most inconvenience to others, and make a specific resolve to be on time for that particular thing every day that week. And then do it. One resolution carried out is of more value than twenty good ones that are not kept. Accomplishment strengthens the will and gives us courage to go on. We shall find that we are also more tidy and less irritable as a result of our more positive attitude toward punctuality. It is not wise to keep too long on any one thing. The mind needs change. The great thing is to carry out our resolve whatever it may be. For this, definiteness is essential. J.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 29, 1922, beginning at 10.30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meeting. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. At 8.30 p. m. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are cordially invited. On Sunday, April 30th, at 3.30 p. m., there will be a public address, open to all who are interested in Theosophy.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.
February 15, 1922.

INDEX TO VOLUME XIX

PAGE

AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT; *Hetep en Neter* 148, 220, 329
Aspects of Discipline; *Stuart Dudley* 142
C. R. A. 211

Beginner 27
Biologist 230
Brother Scribus 344

A. B. C. 244
J. C. 128, 305
Cavé 13, 109, 300
Clark, C. C. 117

Dante Sketches; *Marion Hale* 22
Dawning of a Soul, The; *Brother Scribus* 344
Dudley, Stuart 142

Evolution and Daily Living; *Biologist* 230

Fear; *Beginner* 27
Force and Cause; *Stanley V. La Dow* 43
FRAGMENTS; *Cavé* 13, 109, 300
FRENCH REVOLUTION, THE, III; *J. C.* 305

Griscom, Acton 247
Griscom, C. A. 61, 178, 276, 369

Hale, Marion 22
Hetep en Neter 148, 220, 329
History and Its Interpretation; *J. C.* 128
History from Within 322

IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH, Katha Upanishad; *C. J.* 16, 111, 204, 301
Is It Ever Right to Be Discouraged? *A. B. C.* 244

Jeunesse 260
Johnston, Charles 16, 31, 50, 111, 162, 204, 236, 301, 350

A. K. 132

La Dow, Stanley V. 43
LETTERS TO STUDENTS; *C. A. Griscom* 61, 178, 276, 369
Lodge Dialogues; *M.* 219

M. 219
Mitchell, J. F. B. 322

Nō; *Jeunesse* 260

NOTES AND COMMENTS:
The Secret Doctrine and Recent Science 3
Radium and Manvantaras 97
Roger Bacon, Theosophist 193
The Powers of Good and Evil 289

Notes on the Word Theosophy; *Acton Griscom* 247

PAGE

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME; *T.* 55, 169, 269, 361

Prodigal Sons; *L. S.* 158

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS 69, 189, 285, 379

REVIEWS:

Buddhist Legends; *Translated by E. W. Burlingame* 377
Dante; *Reverend John T. Slattery* 67
Dante; *C. H. Grandgent, L. H. D.* 67
Dante; *Jefferson B. Fletcher* 67
Death and Its Mystery: Before Death; *Camille Flammarion*.... 188
Essentials of Mysticism and Other Essays, The; *Evelyn Underhill* 282
Hindu Yoga System, The; *Charles Rockwell Lanman* 185
Life of Dante Alighiere; *Charles Allen Dinsmore* 67
Mystic Vision in the Grail Legend and in the Divine Comedy, The; *Lizette Andrews Fisher, Ph. D.* 67
Ruin of the Ancient Civilization and the Triumph of Christianity, The; *Guglielmo Ferrero* 376
Selections from the Rubayat and Odes of Hafiz; *A Member of the Persia Society of London* 66
Spiritual Message of Dante, The; *Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter.* 67
Thirteen Principal Upanishads, The; *Translated by Robert Ernest Hume, M. A., Ph. D.* 283
Treasure of the Isle of Mist, The; *W. W. Tarn* 377
Un Drame dans le monde; Paul Bourget..... 186

Saint Clare of Assisi; *C. R. A.* 211
L. S. 158
T. L. S. 318
Schofield, John 266
Secret Doctrine and Mr. Edison, The; *A. K.* 132
Self Control; *John Schofield* 266
Shelley and Keats; *C. C. Clark* 117

T. 55, 169, 269, 361
TAO-TEH-KING; *C. J.* 50, 162, 236, 350
T. S. ACTIVITIES 71, 288, 382
Theosophy; *Charles Johnston* 31

Written Language of China, The; *T. L. S.* 318

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THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

Devotional: Bhagavad Gita; Fragments; From the Upanishads; Letters That Have Helped Me; Light on the Path; The Parables of the Kingdom; The Song of Life; Through the Gates of Gold; Voice of the Silence.
Philosophical: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Five Years of Theosophy; Key to Theosophy; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Talks on Religion; Theosophical Glossary; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.
Introductory: Culture of Concentration; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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